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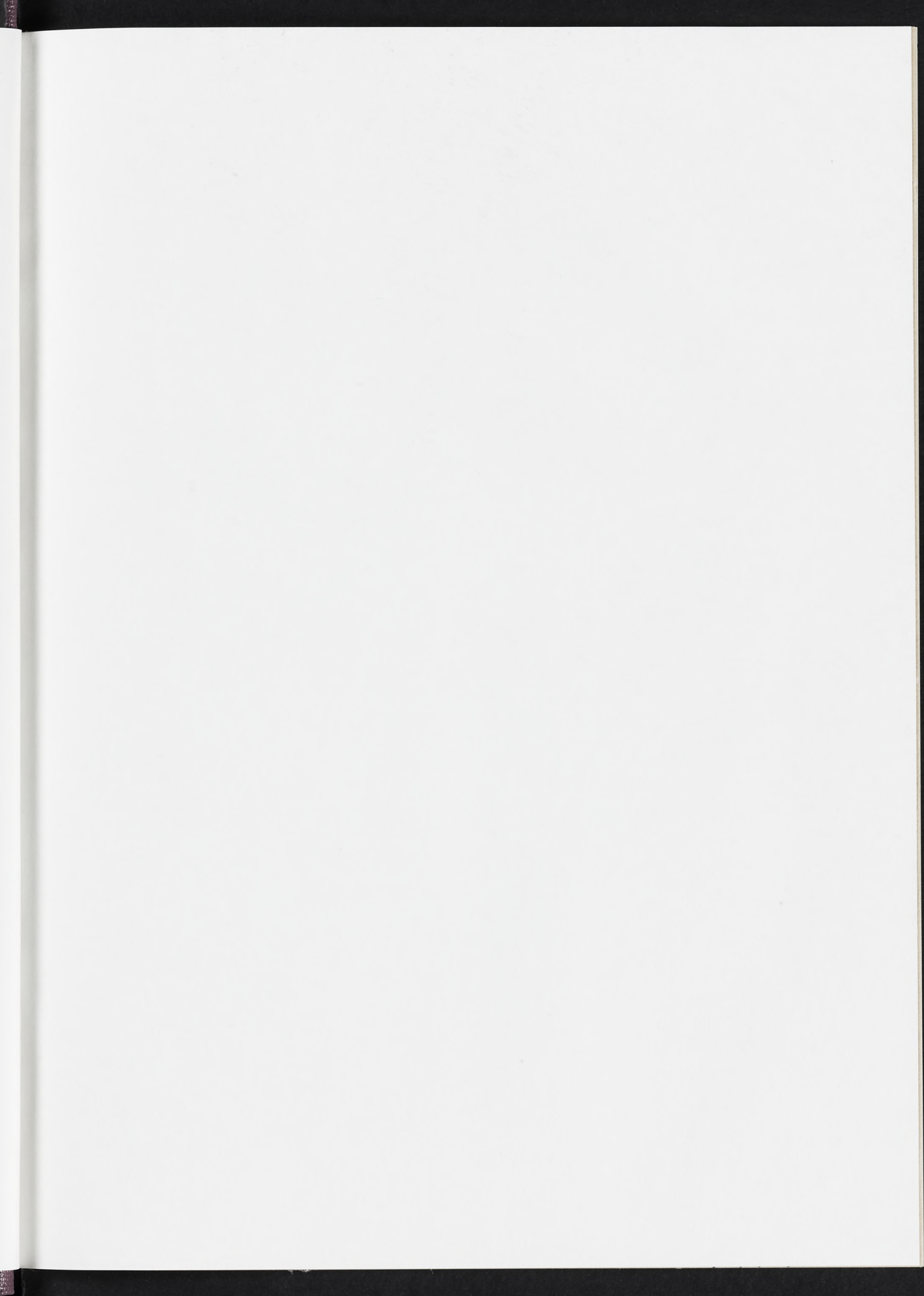
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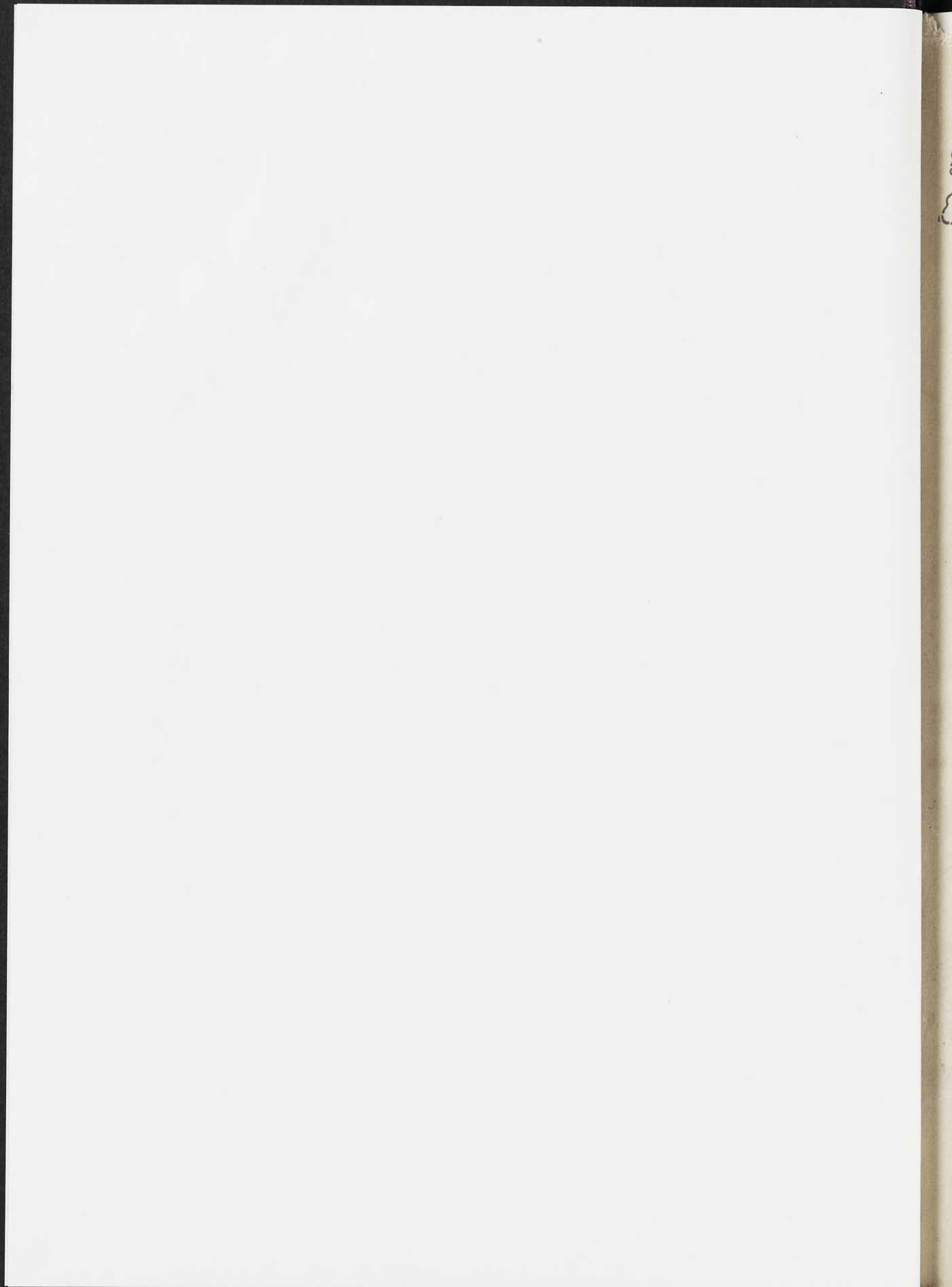




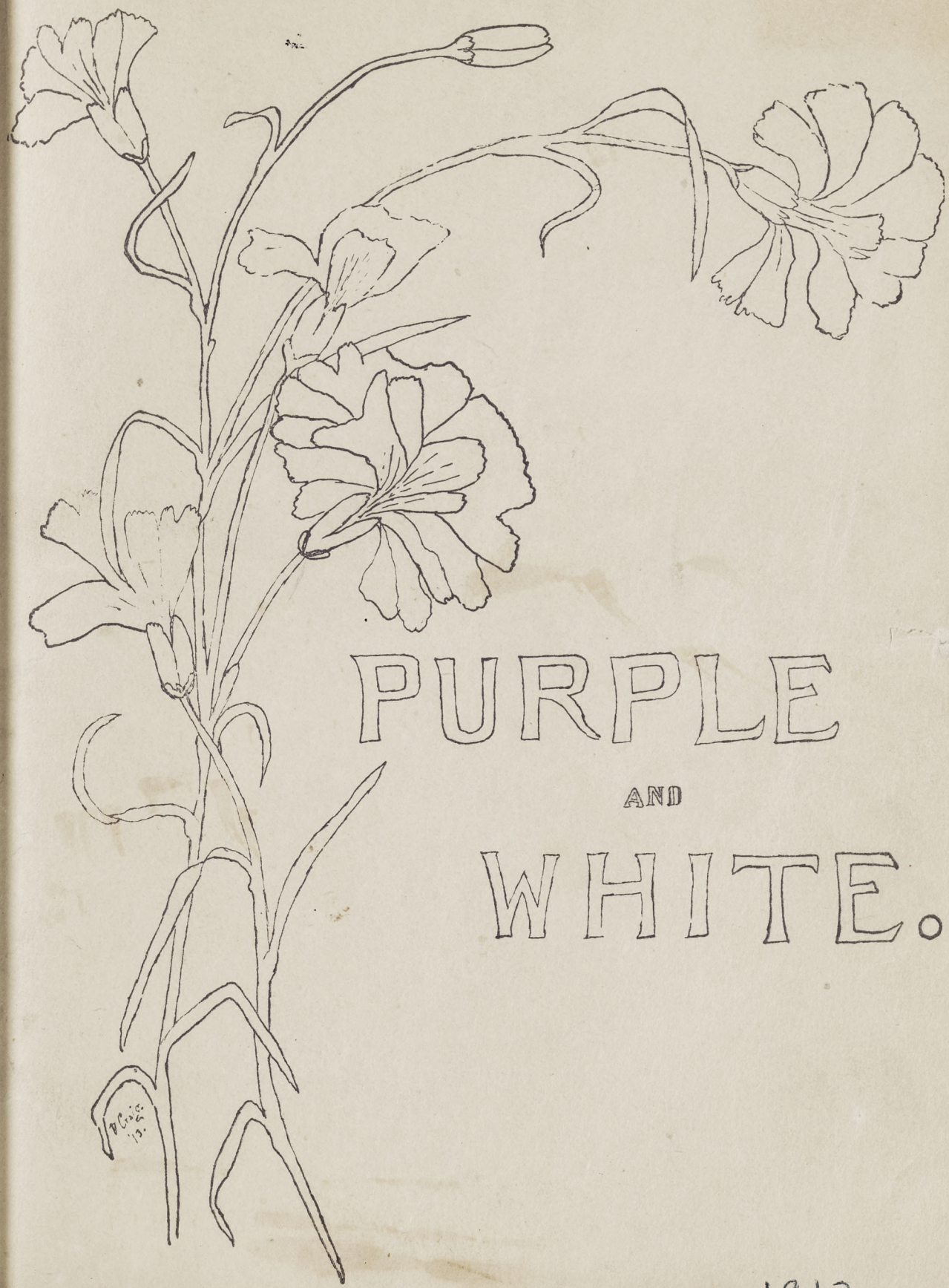












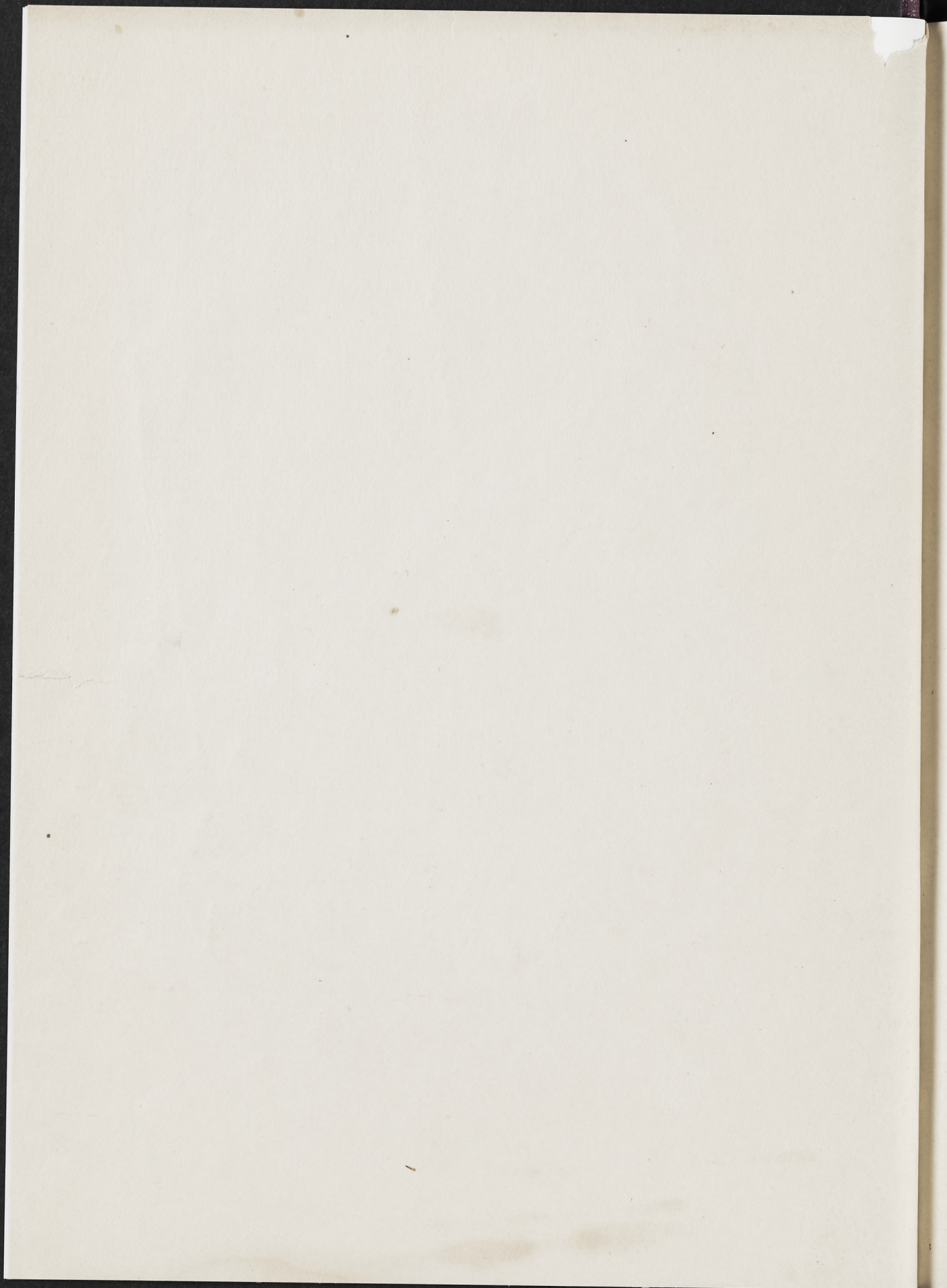
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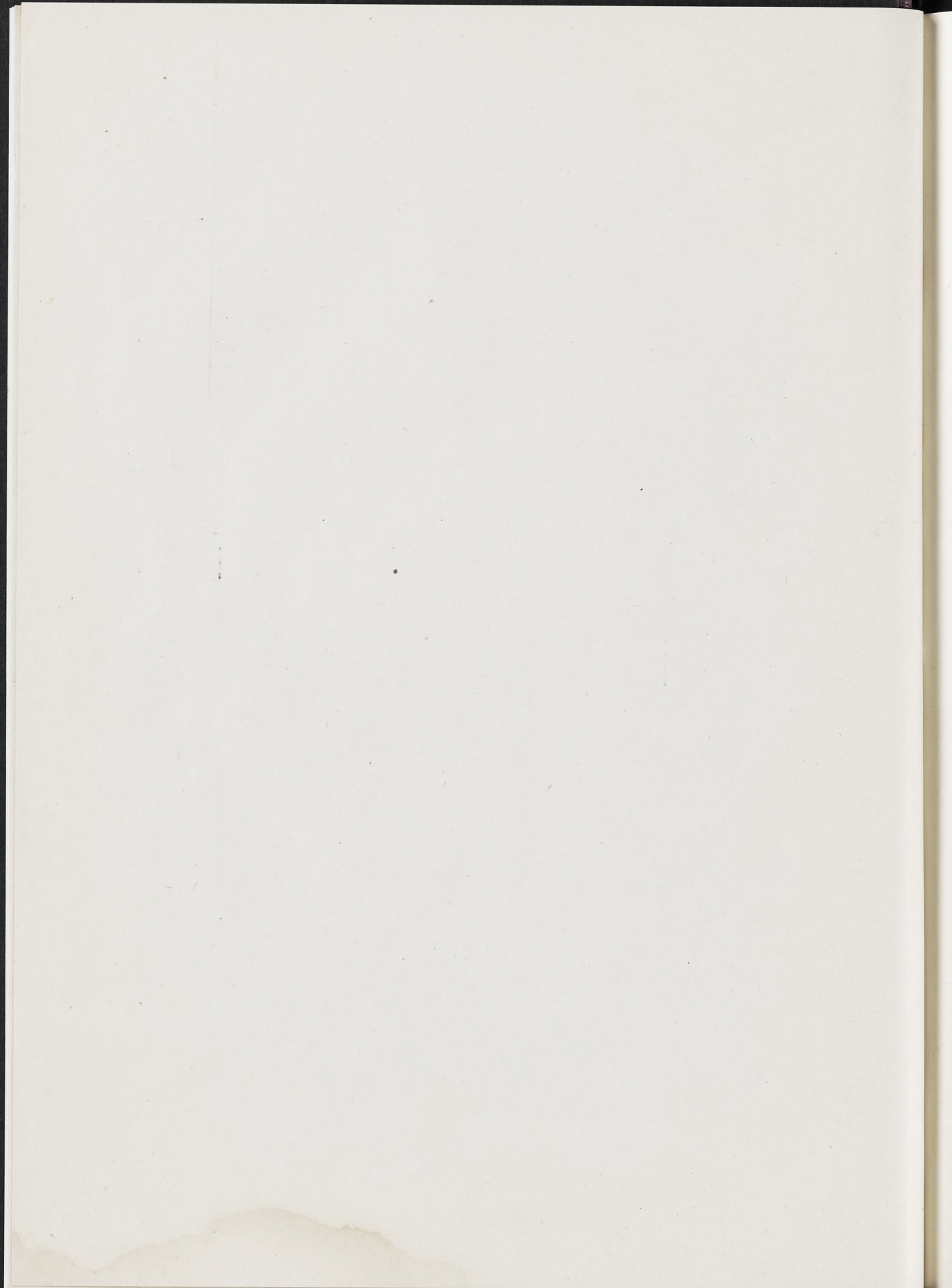
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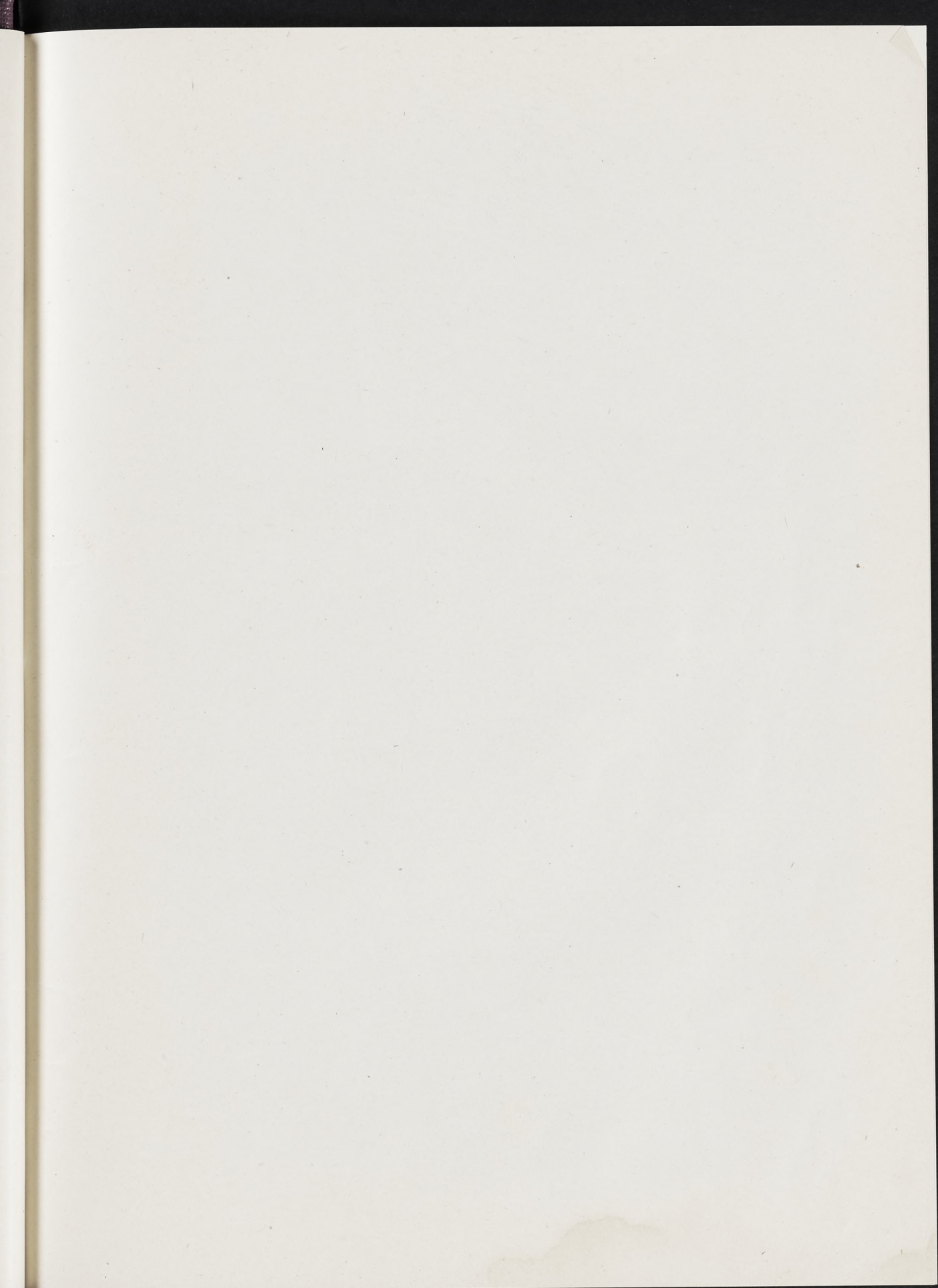




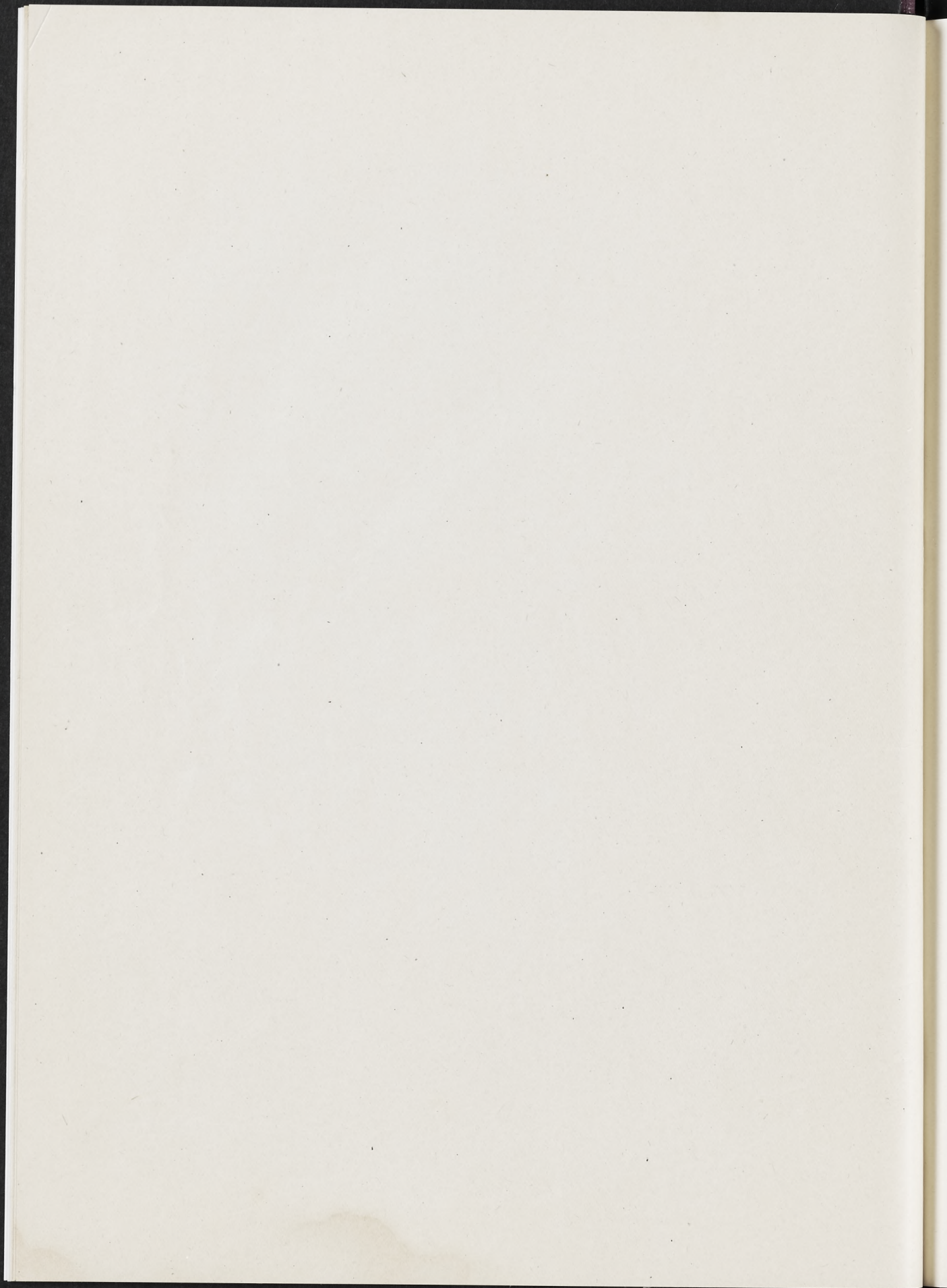
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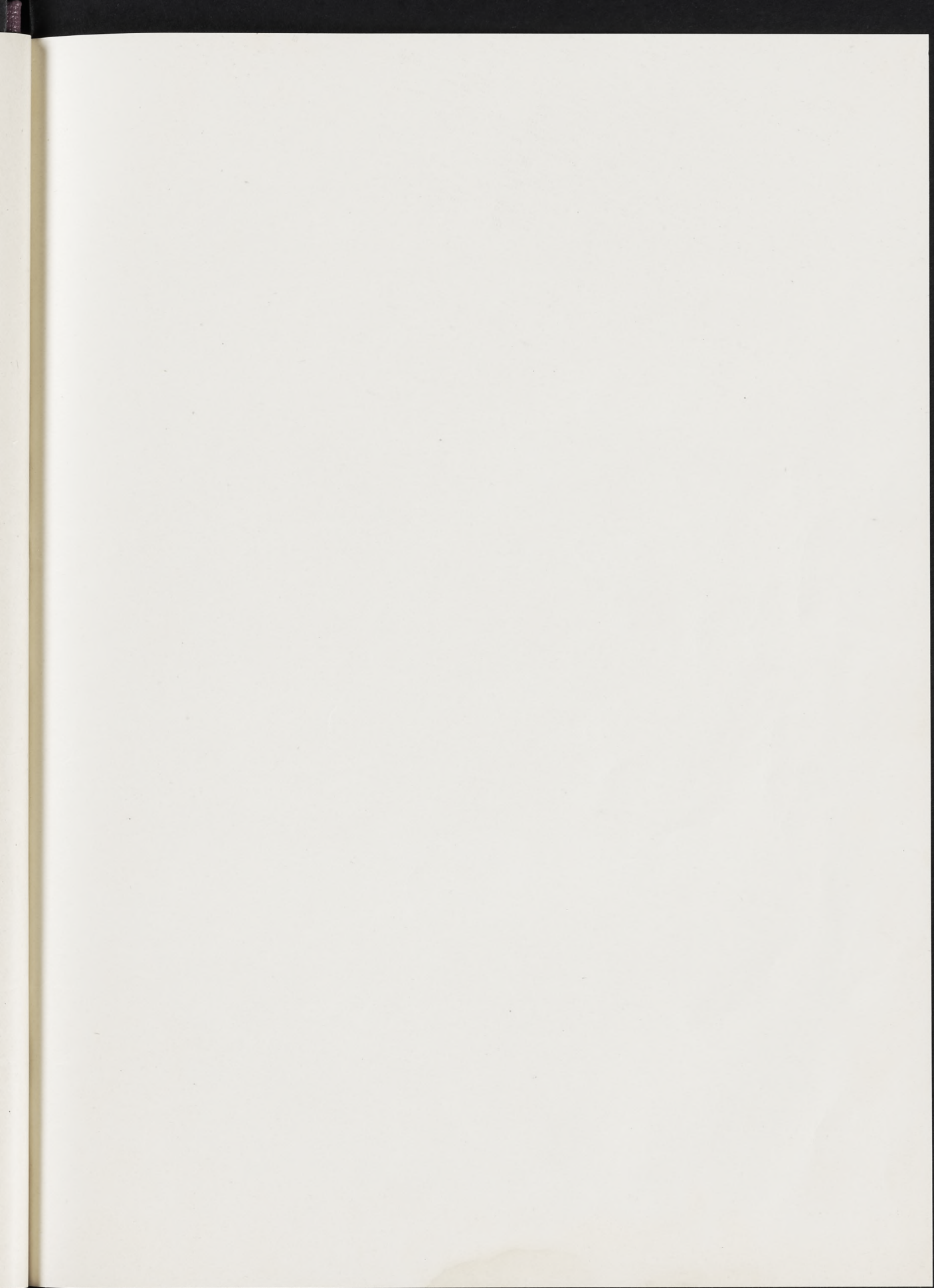








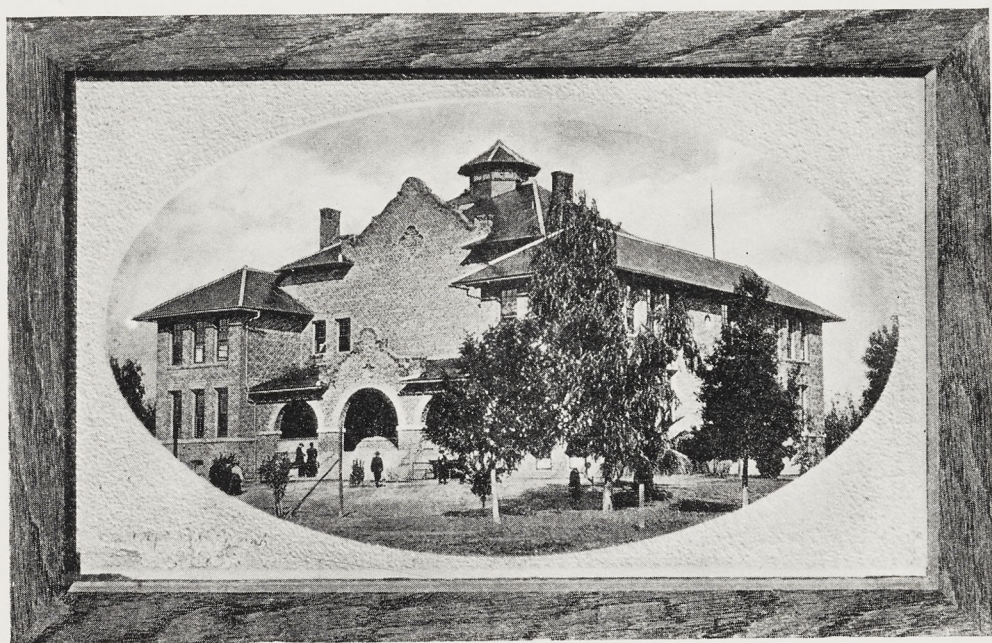






DEDICATION

To the Alumni Of Our School,  
Do We Dedicate This Issue Of  
The Purple and White. . . . .



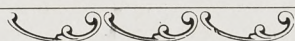


# STORY OF THE

## WORLD

The world is a vast and wonderful place, full of many different people and places. It is a place where we can learn so much about ourselves and others. The world is full of many different cultures, languages, and customs. We can learn so much from each other and from the world around us. The world is a place where we can grow and learn. It is a place where we can make a difference. The world is a place where we can be happy and healthy. The world is a place where we can live and love. The world is a place where we can be the best we can be.

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# MADERA HIGH SCHOOL

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CLASS OF  
1 9 1 2



## CLASS OFFICERS:

John Owens, President  
David Glock, Vice President  
Isabel Bennett, Secretary and Treasurer  
Hazel Osborn, Class Editor

## CLASS COLORS:

White and Gold

## CLASS FLOWER:

White Carnation

## CLASS MOTTO:

"Out of the Harbor,  
Into the Deep."





JOHN OWENS

"Rich in saving common sense."



ISABEL BENNETT

"She is kind as she is fair,  
For beauty lives with kindness."



DAVID GLOCK

"I'll die where the field is thickest  
But never yield alive."





HAZEL OSBORN

"Your eyes are bright, your grace is great,  
Your soul is fair within."



EARL CARDWELL

"A horse to ride and a violin,  
These were the friends of his youth."



HAZEL CROW

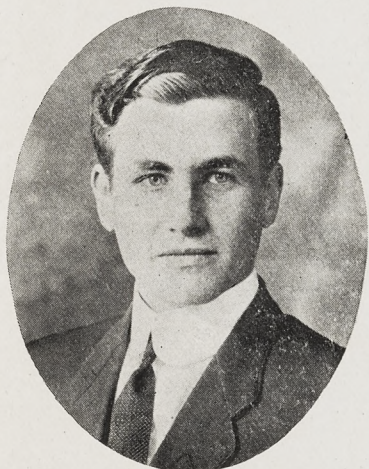
"A face  
Most starry-fair, but kindled from within  
As 'twere with dawn. She was dark-haired,  
darkeyed."





MAE BURGESS

"Her low, sweet voice, her gold brown  
hair, her tender blue eyes seemed  
Like something he had seen elsewhere or  
something he had dreamed."



PHILIP CONLEY

"The Future I may face, now I have proved  
the Past."



WINNA HIGH

"The jetty curls, the forehead high,  
The glowing cheek, the deep blue eye."





HILDA FOOTMAN

"Her eyes were large and full of light."



MAY WOOD

"A jolie good book, whereon to look,  
Is better to me than gold."



DORA WREN

"Facing all odds high-heartedly."



# CLASS PROPHECY

## A Glimpse Into the Future

MAY WOOD, '12.

On the thirteenth day of June, 1920, the Fairmont moved slowly out of New York harbor.

Among the passengers, one would have been keenly interested to see a striking-looking young lady with an abundance of auburn hair, waving a tiny white handkerchief to some friends until they became mere specks, indistinguishable in the distance. Then her eyes wandered up to the skyscrapers and a feeling of homesickness crept into her heart, predominating over her delight in the long looked-for foreign trip. After all the United States was her home and as the tall buildings, too, became indistinct, a little lump rose in her throat and turning to conceal her emotion, she noticed a familiar figure clad in blue serge leaning over the railing, gazing at the fast vanishing city.

As she looked at him, he glanced in her direction and she obtained a square look at his face. With an exclamation of surprise she rushed toward him, and the young man startled out of his deep meditation by a girlish voice at his side saying, "Why, Philip, is it really you?"

The amazed Philip swung round and started back, for in her he recognized a classmate and grasping her hand, he managed to utter the one word, "Hazel!"

Hazel's merry laugh brought him to himself and he added, "What luck! But are you alone, and where are you going?"

"Yes, all alone and I am going to join mother and father in Rome—from there

we are going on an extended tour through the various European countries."

"Good! I, too, am going to Italy, have been working hard at law, so just thought I would bolt off for a little vacation, and the old seat of empire is my destination."

"Yes, I have read in the papers of the many sensational cases you have won. What a name you are making for yourself, Philip! I am not surprised, though, because I remember how you used to bluff in high school and always managed to win your point."

Philip laughed. "Speaking of high school, it's a queer coincidence, isn't it, that we should meet today, eight years after graduation? Just eight years ago today we assembled in the old building as a body for the last time."

"How time flies," mused Hazel with a sigh, then brightening, "I just left Madera last Monday."

"You did?" Philip's voice rang with delight, "then of course you have seen some of the members of our class lately, or have heard of them, at least. Come, let's sit down and talk over old times."

They seated themselves in the large, comfortable steamer chairs; then Hazel began, "I saw Hazel Crow just before I left. You know she went to Stanford and is now teaching English and Latin in the Madera High School. Lovely for her to be right at home, isn't it?"

"Good for Hazel! I can just see her spluttering around, and can't you hear her saying, 'That boy makes me so tired; he never has his Latin? And where's Dora? I suppose she is coaching a girl's basket ball team somewhere.'"



"O, haven't you heard about Dode? She painted a picture that every one is going wild over. It is hanging in the Louvre in Paris. She went abroad shortly after graduating from Hi and studied in the art schools in France and Italy and has accomplished wonders. No other young artist has received such honors as Dora."

Philip clapped his hands. "I knew she could do it! I will go to the Louvre to see Dora's masterpiece. Is John still in Madera?"

"Oh, John owns a large ranch in Imperial Valley. He managed his father's place so well for several years that he amassed quite a fortune, which he invested in the rich southern county. He's simply coining money now; will be a second John D."

"Hurrah for John! It's not surprising though—remember how he used to manage financial affairs at school? And speaking of John reminds one of Isabel. What has become of her?"

"Isabel is a trained nurse as she planned, but it is rumored that a certain young man has finally persuaded her to believe he is the only one in the world who needs her care, so she has decided that that may be so."

"What a lucky fellow he is! But what became of Earl?"

"Oh, Earl is a German professor, in the San Jose High School. They say that he just works the poor children to death, and is so strict—taking his vengeance out on them for the way Mr. Thompson used to hand it to him, I guess."

Philip threw back his head and laughed. "Well, if that doesn't beat everything. Who would ever have thought it of Earl? Is Mae Burgess still in Madera?"

"Yes, and she loves a flirtation as much as ever and has the same trouble in trying to keep two or more fellows going at the same time and in preventing conflicts on the same evening."

"What a true picture. I suppose Winna is leading the four hundred of Madera?"

"Right you are that she is leading the 'four hundred' but not in Madera. The little burg became too tame for her, so she flew to Los Angeles and leads an airy, butterfly life there. One often reads

descriptions of her gowns worn at certain social functions and whole columns describing her pink teas and dress balls."

"Is David still in the old town?"

"Oh, no! David has blossomed into a great orator. His chief subject is 'Reform Politics.' His speeches are certainly causing a great political sensation, and are copied by endless newspapers and spread broadcast."

"Hilda went to San Jose Normal and taught a year but decided that housekeeping held greater charms so submitted to the holy bonds of matrimony. She lives in a beautiful little vine-covered home in the Raymond vicinity."

"So Hilda is married, and Hazel—what of her—I fully expected to hear of a second Mae Sutton—don't you ever play tennis any more?"

"I? Oh, I feel sometimes that mine has been a selfish career—nothing but my hard grinding music to show for these eight years. You remember I was always crazy about scenery, so Father has let me go to my heart's content—visited all the scenic features of our good old U. S. A.—now I'm off for greater fields. Sometimes I feel I ought to have helped the less fortunate girls instead of spending all my time on myself."

"You still have time for your philanthropic stunts, Hazel. You were always a great one to plan. Those were great old times at high school. Remember how we used to work our heads off, each trying to get ahead of the other? Sometimes you were ahead, sometimes I. Even in debates we were listed as opponents."

"Where's May Wood?"

"Oh, Philip! just look at that whale spout! Isn't it large?"

The class of 1912 was forgotten for the time.

\* \* \*

There are many lovely evenings on deck where Mother Nature added to the picturesque scene, with the moon's bright rays and twinkling stars contrasting with a few dark clouds, which made it impossible for one to remain inside.



On such evenings, one might have seen a young man in blue and a girl with auburn hair a little apart from the rest of the crowd.

We will not follow them and their conversation, however. It has already served our purpose. It is enough to know that the voyage came to an end all too soon for them, and that Philip joined the Osborn party when they left Rome for the trip through the different European countries.

## The Professor

PHILIP CONLEY.

"Fevers," said Old Jackson, "are mostly all pretty bad. But taking 'em all for all, there's none of 'em worse than the gold fever. Why a man's crazy as a bed-bug when he's got it. Back in '49 there was a whole lot of folks got this here disease—all kinds of men, perfessers and preechers and street-sweepers and bums. It was a great crowd that shipped from Noo York on the Aerial, the time I came, all kinds of men, but they was all talking gold, gold—nothing else. And of all the men on that boat there was only one that I ever heard of made anything and he was the most helpless looking and ignorantest man on board—not ignorant in books—he knew a whole lot about these here dead Greeks and Eyetalians, but he didn't know nothing about life out here—was plumb ignorant on how to take care of himself. We had berths together to Panama and I seen him every day. He never went out much—got sick when the waves rolled a little high—and was all the time reading books with funny names.

One day I says to him, "What are you going out here for?" And he says, "I got to make some money, I just got to—I want to write a book and I haven't any money and my family, my mother," and then he told me all about how he was hard up since his father had gone bust and died. Always had things easy, studied all the time and didn't know how to work. And then this gold fever commenced to spread and he got it. Imagined he could pick up lumps of

it any place, and so did a whole lot of others, too.

I can see him now when we got off at Panama, walking up between two rows of little black soldiers (they was havin' one of them alleged wars then). He was kind of tall and thin—not a miner's build. His eyes was weak—too much bad light. He wore a black suit and a stove-pipe hat and was carrying a bag in one hand and a big book in the other. He read all the way over on the train. When we got on the "Sonoma" we got separated and I was kind of glad, because he kept the light burning to read at night when I wanted to sleep.

The last I seen of him was at Frisco.

"Where are you bound for?" I says.

"Why, I haven't decided," says he, "it don't make much difference though does it?—one place's 's good as another."

"Well, good-bye," I says, "and I wish yuh luck."

\* \* \*

It was about six months afterwards when I seen him again. It was up near Coulterville—he came into camp on foot in the same clothes, at least I suppose they was the same, but they wasn't so new looking as before. He looked weaker than ever.

"Hello," I says, "How are you?"

He smiled weak. "Not so much gold here as I thought," he says, "How are you doing up this way?"

He stayed that night and then went up the creek a mile or so and staked out a claim—why he didn't know anything about mining. It's a wonder to me how he et all that time. I went up to see him about a week afterwards—I can see him now, standing by the sluice box looking for gold—with his tall stove-pipe hat on his head and his black suit on. I took him up a piece of bacon—thought he might need it. He smiled when he saw me but when I offered the hog meat, he flared up and says, "I don't want no charity," and he wouldn't take it until I explained as how it was an extry good piece and we wanted to see what he thought of it.

"Have you made much here?" he says. "I don't seem to be getting at mine right, I know there's gold here—it's a good claim, but I can't get no gold out. If I could get



enough to go home," he says, "I'd give up writing the book. Won't you come in?"

And I went in and there was nothing to eat there—I could swear to that, but them Greek books was there. And then he told me how he'd worked and worked and couldn't make no money, and I was so sorry I got my hat and had business to attend to quick.

\* \* \*

When I got back to Coulterville that night the boys all joshed me about my friend the Perfesser, as they called him, but I got up and made a speech and I've got just enough Irish in me to orate when necessary.

"Boys," says I, "this here feller's sick. He ain't got a thing in his cabin to eat and what's more he won't have because he ain't got no gold in his hand—you all know that. He ain't fit for this kind of a life and he wants to go home and he's got a mother and two sisters back in Boston. Now, boys," I says, "don't be pikers. The Perfesser has got to make a strike and make it quick. He won't take no money from us—that mine of his has got to produce."

I threw a bag of dust on the table and about six or eight of 'em followed suit. I guess they all felt pretty sorry for the Perfesser when they thought about him.

We discussed plans and specifications for about half an hour and then me and Charley Dougherty took the dust and hiked up to the Perfesser's place. There was a light in the cabin—I suppose he was improvin' his mind. We went over by the creek and salted the ground all around, putting the dust down deep, so's he wouldn't suspect anything.

The next morning me and Charley sauntered up to the Perfesser's place as if we done it by chance. We figured to see him down at the sluice, but he wasn't there and I got kinder worried for fear he'd died. Charley pushed the door open. The Perfesser lay in his bunk—had a fever, face all red, and he was too weak to get up—had a book in one hand but was too weak to read.

"Morning!" I says, "How are you?"

He says weak, "Can't work my claim this morning—sick a little."

"Quinine and calomel will fix you," I says, but I knew a good square meal and less food for thought was what he needed. "If you don't object, me and Charley will be pleased to work your claim this mornin'," says I.

"Why if you would," he says. "It's too bad to let it rest—I know there's gold there but I haven't got at it yet."

"I think myself there's gold there," I says, looking wise at Charley.

\* \* \*

We went out to the sluice and had a fine pile of our salted gold in the box pretty pronto. It showed up fine and we run up to the cabin quick, Charley laughing to himself all the time.

"Look a here, Perfesser," says I, "You didn't get down deep enough. Here you are!"

He was so pleased he sat up in bed and smiled and looked real happy. "I knew I had a fortune there," he says. "Now I can go home."

"We're some speculators," says I, "and will be glad to extend an offer of five hundred." We'd fixed on that price as the highest that the combined wealth of Coulterville could give for a worthless claim, and we felt quite proud, but the Perfesser's face straightened out and he says, "It's worth two thousand if it's worth a dollar!"

"But, boys," says he after a moment, "seeing all that you've done for me, I'll knock off a thousand," and he smiled like a real pheelanthrope.

Me and Charley was dumfounded but as I sez before, there ain't no Irish pikers, and Charley was Irish, too.

"We must confer with our associates," says Charley. "Is there anything that you would like to have sent up to you?"

"Yes," he smiled. "Now that I've struck it, he says, "you can send up stuff for a square meal."

"Very well," I says, and we done it.

\* \* \*

The boys was a little harder to move this time—none of us had much—mining up there wasn't sure—all pocket mining—but after a while we raised enough and



Charley and me was appointed the committee to purchase the claim.

We found the Perfesser cooking the grub we sent up—he was better already and after a square meal his symptoms mostly disappeared.

The claim was turned over to us and he left that very day for Snelling, riding on a mule—from the back he looked like Abe Lincoln, Charley says.

The boys never said much that night—we was all broke and didn't have no rosy prospects—but as Charley says, the Perfesser needed it more than us.

\* \* \*

Oh, no, the claim wasn't no good—never figured it would be.

Ever hear of the Perfesser again? About a year afterwards, they brought a big bundle up from Stockton and when I opened it I was some surprised to see a big book by the name of "Foreign Philosophers." I thought they'd made a mistake until I saw the Perfesser's name on the cover. It was dedicated to "My Mine on Maxwell's Creek, which has enabled me to write this book."

## The Deserted Village

LINTON R. MANTONYA.

O Borden, fairest city of the west,  
Of all the county's towns you once were  
best,

Before Madera's prosperous city rose  
And brought your business to a speedy  
close.

E'er yet the boundless acres of our west-  
ern plain

Were broken by the plow and sowed with  
grain,

While yet Sierra's snowy peaks looked  
down

On barren desert fields with scarce a town,  
When yet no pleasant orchards spread  
their shade.

No cooling groves a welcome refuge made  
For travelers in this new and unknown  
land,

And burning breezes swept the burning  
sand,

When firey whirlwinds scourged the dusty  
plain

And all was parched and dry for lack of  
rain,

The pioneers of Borden took their stand  
To change this desert to a fruitful land;  
And brought to light by steady patient  
toil

The riches of our greatest mine, Madera's  
soil.

Soon fields of brown gave place to fields of  
green

With little orchards interspersed be-  
tween

And irrigation, watering all the plain,  
Brought with its welcome floods increasing  
rain,

And thriving farms sprang up and prospered  
till

A busy throng did Borden's markets fill.  
A blacksmith shop was built, a village  
store,

A fine hotel, a dozen homes or more;  
The busy streets a fine appearance made  
And all the countryside went there to  
trade.

And thus the village grew and prospered  
till

Madera got her flume and lumber mill.  
But with the opening of the Sugar Pine  
Originated Borden's swift decline,  
And Borden's village sank into decay.  
Madera's sunrise ended Borden's day;  
And all of Borden's bravest and her best  
Departed for the new born city in the west.  
Though many years have passed since  
Borden's day,

Madera's boom seems to have come to  
stay;

The products of a thousand farms her  
markets fill

And every morning finds her growing  
still.

And now one's eyes are greeted by the  
scene

Of pleasant thriving farms and fields of  
green,

And here and there are shady groves of  
trees.

One's face is greeted by the cooling breeze  
That breathes the fragrant breath of new-  
mown hay;



The meadow larks announce the coming day;  
 The fields are clad in verdant beauty, where  
 In Borden's time the earth was dry and bare.  
 But Borden, though your village may decay.  
 Your ancient glory cannot pass away.  
 Through all the years the story shall be told,  
 How Borden's pioneers, in days of old,  
 Transformed a desert to the fruitful land,  
 Where now our thriving farms and cities stand.

## A Strike

HAZEL OSBORN.

"Zzzzzzip bang, I am going on a strike," said the old clock in the Assembly Hall.

"Oh, don't," said the pendulum, "you aren't a striking clock and it might not be good for you."

"I don't care, I'm tired. I've been running ten minutes fast for a whole day and I'm going to stop. Today just before noon a tall slim boy and a short boy came up with a big, long stick and pushed my hands up to twelve and I don't like to run fast, so there."

"Well," said the tennis pennant on the wall, "I'm just about to raise a racket myself. The moths are just eating me up alive, and I haven't had any new letters on me for so long I'm terribly out of date. And the worst of it is that next week they are going to play for me and maybe somebody else will win and I might have to change hands. I hope not. Oh, suppose I'd have to wear a '13, or a '15, instead of a '12."

"My head aches," said the josh box from its corner behind the piano. "Everyone seemed to have forgotten that I was in existence and the spiders built webs all over me and I am so afraid of spiders. Then today I got a whole batch of jokes and such jokes! They made my head ache. One of them was, 'Could Mr. Burrell write poetry if Billy Wood?' I suppose I suffer in a good cause but I pity the Josh Editor."

"Hear, hear," called the dictionary from the reference table. "I feel worse than any of you. I have lost two leaves today. I am in a peculiar position. I am not particular and I don't care a particle for practical philosophical philanthropy."

"Oh, help us," groaned the latest edition of the "Sporting News." "Where did you get those words?"

"Those are the words on the leaves I lost. I thought I'd see if I could remember. Today I heard a Senior girl say something like that and a Freshman asked her where she got it and she said, 'Oh, I swallowed a dictionary and the leaves are coming up.' I think she must have swallowed my missing leaves. Anyway I miss them."

"Oh I wish a few more of your leaves were missing," sighed the "Pros and Cons" which was under the dictionary. "I've been fastened down here all day. My sides are nearly crushed. A Freshman orator was looking for me today and she couldn't find me. She was disappointed and so was I."

"Oh, you all think you are so badly abused, but just look at me," wailed the old Encyclopedia Britannica. They all looked. "Am I not a pitiable sight? My covers are torn and battered. I used to be popular but this new Encyclopedia came along, and it looks so nice and new, that nobody likes me any more, and I hate to be slighted. Cobwebs and dust gather on me and I don't like it. Oh, dear," and it subsided with a pitiable wail.

"I guess it's my turn now," croaked the old piano. "I am so out of tune I can hardly talk but you know I used to be a fine piano. They used to play classical music on me, but now, oh, now they play raggy, raggedy, rag-time and they pound so hard and sing so loud, it seems my head will fly off. But I guess I'll stop playing. Tomorrow there'll be no "Steamboat Bill" or "Baby Doll."

"Aw, you bunch of grouches make me sick," interrupted the waste basket. "You give me the chills. Cut it, get some life into you. Don't be dead heads all yer life. Wot's de matter wid yez? Yer think because yer a little out of whack everything oughter stop. Ye'd oughter see what those poor Seniors have to do. Then ye wouldn't



grouch so much. Gee, they throw paper away with numbers a mile long on 'em, all comes out of their heads, too. They've got lots more trouble than the whole bunch of yer stiffes and they ain't goin' on strikes or whinin' about all the time either. So I'd advise you to get a move on, old clock, and ye'll just be in time. And you old piano, old top, you just go on playin' rag-time; it strikes me pretty fine. As for me I'm as empty as a dead broke in a dry town but tomorrow I'll be full, gloriously full, and we'll all be happy, ever after."

The old clock began to run and everything was quiet except the tick tock, saying "All's well, all's well."

## Why Men Will Never Fly

PAUL HUSTED.

We're looking forward to a time,  
When men will sail the sky;  
When they will navigate the air,  
And any one can fly.

The birdmen say the time is near,  
That soon as birds we'll be.  
We'll ride no more upon the earth,  
Nor sail upon the sea.

They say they'll live up in the sky.  
But they'll never do these things;  
Before men ever float in air  
They'll have to grow some wings.  
So men can never, never soar  
As eagles in the sky;  
And if we ever float on air,  
'Twill be machines that fly.

## The Rescue Of Ezekiel

RUTH BAKER.

Mr. Ezekiel Obediah Joshua Brown was his name. Who was he? Can you by any stretch of imagination, picture anyone belonging to such a name as that, except a very respected, staid, dignified deacon of the church? To be sure, Mr. Ezekiel Brown was very staid and dignified but there was

surely something the matter with him, something had found its way into his blood; for convenience, we will lay it to the microbe of sweet balmy June, although his wife declared it was spring fever.

At any rate, Mr. Brown announced at the breakfast table one morning that he meant to have a picnic out under his apple trees, and invite all "the brethern and sistern of the church" and perhaps a few of the neighbors. Accordingly, the next Sunday, he announced his intention in church, and as a consequence, had to shake hands with each separate individual afterwards.

At last the great day came, the tables were placed under the apple trees quite early in the morning; then, when all was ready, Mirandy, in her best bombazine and Ezekiel in his shiny swallow tail sat down to wait, but Mirandy, woman like, could not rest until she had scared up a few doubts.

"Say, now, Zek, suppose they did not come after all, what if it should rain, may be,"—but this sentence was never finished, for her doubts were set at rest by seeing what seemed like the whole population of Dolesville turn in at the long drive leading to the house.

The morning passed all too quickly but just at twelve they were all seated under the fragrant canopy of white apple blossoms. Grace had been said and some had already begun to satisfy their appetites when, suddenly, Mirandy remembered that there wasn't a drop of water in the house. She drew Ezekiel over to one side, and hastily thrusting a large tin pail into his hand, commanded him to run down to the well and fetch a pail of water. Ezekiel, with a little good will, did as he was ordered.

The well was over a little knoll beyond the orchard and quite out of sight of the banquet and for this he "thanked his stars" later on. Mr. Brown had drawn the water and was resting a moment after his strenuous exertion when, hearing a noise behind him, he whirled about and there, not ten yards away from him, was "Elijah," the old battering ram. His head was down and his feet were making the dirt fly. There was only one thing to do and our highly re-



spected and dignified deacon did it. He grabbed his bucket of water and lit out on a run for the house. With great agility, he slowed down to a dignified walk. If any one noticed his disheveled appearance, nothing was said and dinner went on without further interruption.

Really, it was not the fault of the good "brethern and sistern" but the weather was exceedingly warm and consequently they were exceedingly thirsty, and so, before dinner was half finished, Mr. Brown started for the spring with many misgivings but, when he saw that "Elijah" was in the further end of the field, he picked up courage and made a hasty dash for the well. It all happened so suddenly he hardly knew what had struck him, but he found himself sitting on the ground some distance from the well and "Elijah" preparing for another grand dash. The venerable deacon clutched his pail and made a dash for the spring and barely reached it in time, for "Elijah" was determined to square things up with that red silk handkerchief tucked in the deacon's collar. Then the tension of the situation was relieved by Mirandy's calling, "Ezekiel! Oh! Ezekiel!"

"Yes, I'm coming," he shouted back, and risking all, he sprinted for the wire fence for safety.

He reached it but so did the ram and went through it as if it were made of paper. Up the hill they went, the deacon leading but the ram gaining, and, just as they reached the tables, he lifted the deacon off the ground and landed him beneath the table. The deacon clutched at the cloth as he fell and soon had the whole dinner on his head or would have had if he had remained there, but he was too wise for that. He scrambled out and made for the nearest tree where he was sure of safety and, from his retreat he watched the proceedings, as with chairs and clubs they drove the refractory "Elijah" back to the field. Then he scrambled down from his undignified retreat and sneaked into the house, and there they found him when they returned, looking very pale and sheepish.

## Macbeth and Lady Macbeth

(This is supposed to take place a short time before the opening of Shakespeare's "Macbeth.")

Scene—Macbeth's Castle.

Lady M.—What do you think on, good my lord? Your body only's present here. Your mind is far away.

Mac.—Did you speak?

Lady M.—I ask you what this is that makes you dream when the bright-burning sun is at its height; what secret troubles hide you in your breast? Why answer you at random all my questions not knowing what you say? Speak out, for when I married you I did not then become your partner for pleasures only but your true help-meet in time of trouble, too.

Mac.—It is no trouble moves me thus.

Lady M.—Then what is't occupies your thoughts, my lord?

Mac.—Why should I thus take second place within the kingdom where I have no peer? Why should I thus be forced to play the slave in the same land where I should have the throne? Is Duncan better fitted for a king than I? He calls on me to do his fighting for him. A shadow-king is he who can not take the field but must rely on others for his power. Norway is even now at Scotland's gate awaiting but the chance to enter in. I would I had the kingship. Then in truth the enemies of Scotland would beware.

Lady M.—Then why not take the kingship.

Mac.—How?

Lady M.—My lord, the lion can devour the lamb.

Mac.—Ay, if the lamb's not strongly guarded. I'll think on it. Ambition leads me on.

## A Corrected Mistake

HENRY McFADDEN.

Two young men, Ray Robinson and Jack Bryant, were attending a small college in Wisconsin. These boys had been brought



up in the same town and were the closest of friends. Both boys did well in their studies and were fairly good athletes.

The college had recently adopted Rugby in place of the old American game of football. Both boys had turned out for first practice and now that about a month of hard work had been completed, they were getting in good condition. Jack, although not quite so large as Ray, was heavier and showed better form.

One day after practice the coach was giving some orders to the players. There was considerable disorder in the room, most of which was due to some pranks of Ray. The coach, thinking that the disorder was due to Jack, said sharply, "Just let up on that racket, Bryant."

"Are you talking to me," exclaimed Jack in astonishment. He did not mean it to be impertinent but to Coach Endicott it showed that way, and it made him angry so he said, "Shut up, now or you go off the squad altogether."

"I don't see that that is very fair," Jack was aroused and forgot to be respectful.

"You don't need to report for practice any more, Bryant," this from Endicott surprised all the boys for he had never been so strict before. He left and there was not much more said in the dressing room that evening.

Most of the boys realized that, if at the beginning of the trouble, Ray had told the coach he was to blame, Jack would not have been expelled from the squad. However, he had not heard quite all the discussion and didn't realize that he was to blame for Jack's dismissal. None of the other boys said anything for they didn't want to hurt Ray's feelings.

The captain, Floyd Elliott, was a good friend of Jack's and wanted him on the squad. He went to the coach but Endicott said Jack would not return unless he apologized. This, all the boys knew, he would not do as he thought he was in the right. They then decided that they would find some other way to get him reinstated.

Will Bingham, one of the best players, was one of the most enthusiastic and all evening was trying to devise means of get-

ting Jack reinstated without hurting Ray. Most of the others didn't think much about it but Leslie Ralston, Robert Martin and Steve Garvin were all very enthusiastic.

Will hit upon a nice scheme and one day when several boys were gathered together, Ray among them, he began telling a story. He had not gone far when most of the boys saw that he was just illustrating Jack's case. By the time he was through Ray understood and, although he didn't say anything then, he walked off in a very thoughtful way.

The next day the boys saw Ray talking earnestly to Coach Endicott. Endicott was acting in sort of a stubborn bull-headed way and the boys guessed rightly when they said that Ray was trying to fix things so as to get Jack reinstated.

Ray told Endicott the truth about it and ended by saying, "I am sorry that I didn't wake up to what the trouble was then, but I hope that, now I have explained it, you'll let Jack play."

"I hardly think I can do that. I am glad that you confessed but Jack talked back to me and that's one of the things I won't stand for."

"You mean then that even now Jack can't play unless he apologizes?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean."

Ray was puzzled what to do next as he had expected that when he told the truth to Endicott Jack would get to play. All the boys were disappointed and were disposed to accuse Endicott of being unjust. However, they didn't give up and, after a conference, it was decided that Earl Hazard, the boy who took Jack's place should pretend to be sick.

He was smaller than most of them and had only come out once upon being coaxed by several of his friends. He willingly agreed to this plan as he would do anything he could for Jack, who was one of his heroes.

The next day Earl didn't show up. The coach inquired about it and was told he was sick. Endicott didn't know what to do as Earl was the only one who could fill Jack's place. He had almost decided to let Jack play when he overheard Earl's little brother say to another boy, "Earl is



playin' sick so Jack Bryant can play. Earl don't like to play much and Jack is a good player so the fellows fixed this to force the coach to let Jack play. The coach is sort of bull-headed anyway."

Coach Endicott was so interested in the first part of the statement that he forgot to get angry at the latter part. The more he thought about it the angrier he got and as he put the boys through some hard practice he kept saying to himself, "I'll show these smart kids whether they can get the best of me or not. Jack Bryant don't play with my consent unless he apologizes."

The boys wondered why he seemed so gruff and thoughtful but didn't have any idea that he had found out their scheme. When they were dressing after practice the mystery was explained. The boys had been talking and joshing each other when suddenly the coach signaled for silence.

"I don't know who originated that bright, magnificent, witty, splendid scheme," he began in a sarcastic way, "but I want to say right now that it doesn't work. If you fellows want Jack Bryant to play, don't try any more of your brilliant schemes, but get him to apologize. Unless he apologizes he don't play as long as I'm coach. If you would rather have him play than have me coach I will resign, but as I said before, I don't want you to try any more such schemes."

This came as a thunderstroke to the boys as they had expected instead of that, to have him order the captain to bring Jack out. After the coach had left everything was quiet for awhile. Then Bob Martin hit upon a scheme.

"You fellows all know as well as I do," that coach Endicott has a weakness for auto rides and the lunches at those eating houses along the road. There are three of us here that can get seven passenger machines; lets take Endicott, Jack and the whole squad for a ride, and, while he is in a good humor, Cap can speak to him and see if he won't repent and let Jack play."

That was Friday and the next evening the party took their trip. Bob was in the machine with Jack, and the captain in the one with Coach Endicott. Bob talked

awhile about the country and then, in a quiet way, he led up to the trouble with the coach. Bob was a smooth talker and by the time they arrived at their destination Jack had almost resolved to apologize.

In the meantime the captain had been doing all he could to make Endicott enjoy himself. They had, of course, mentioned football and the captain had said quietly that he wished Jack could be in the game. Endicott didn't seem to like the remark much and Capt. Elliott began to fear that he had done more harm than good.

However, soon after they arrived at the stopping place, the coach was seen to draw Jack off to one side.

"You want to play in the game?" he questioned.

"Yes sir, I would like to very much," was Jack's reply.

"Well," said Endicott, "I said time and again that I wouldn't let you unless you apologized and I don't like to break a rule when I make it."

"I know it, sir," Jack quietly said, but I always thought I was in the right, and do yet although I may be mistaken."

"Well," Endicott answered, "if you promise to be more careful after this I will let you play, as all the boys seem to desire it."

"Thank you, sir, I will do my best." Jack felt very grateful to the coach for letting him play when he had only about half apologized and all the other boys were almost crazy with joy. They had a splendid time the rest of the evening, Jack played in the game, everybody did well and the team came out victorious.

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## Ballad of the Cock and the Fox

(With Apologies to Chaucer's Nun's Priest.)

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HAZEL OSBORN.

I sing of the cock and the fox,

Whose story you may have heard;  
But I'll tell it again to make sure.

For the cock was a wonderful bird.



A widow, poor and needy,  
Owned a cock and a beautiful hen,  
They roamed in the garden weedy,  
Or scratched in the chicken pen.

One day when the cock was straying,  
Out of the garden gate,  
He saw a cruel brown monster,  
Who was doomed to be his Fate.

The fox jumped up in haste,  
From his couch upon the ground,  
Said he, "I'll take you home with me;  
No nicer home can be found."

So he took the neck of the helpless cock,  
Into his cruel white teeth,  
And the widow hearing his cry,  
Came flying across the heath.

Faster and faster the fox ran;  
Faster came widow, neighbors and  
all;  
They ran till all were tired and spent,  
The widow about to fall.

Then said the cock to the fox,  
"Shout back to them saucy words,  
Tell them they'll have to run faster,  
If they want to catch runaway birds."

So the fox opened his mouth to speak  
The words the cock had said,  
As soon as his mouth was opened,  
The cock pulled free his head.

Then up to a tree top he hurried,  
With fox left on the ground,  
When the neighbors tired and worried,  
Gathered from all sides around.

The cock flew down to the widow;  
She gathered him in her arms,  
The cock laughed to the fox, "Go home;  
For now I'm safe from alarms."

### Friends and Fortune Fly Together

(Translated from Ovid's "Tristia".)

LINTON R. MANTONYA.

While fortune smiles on you, your friends  
will be many,

But when times become gloomy, you  
will be left alone;

The doves come in flocks to a shining white  
dove-cote,

But the foul unclean dove-cote, you see,  
receives none.

The ants never come to a granary that's  
empty;

No friends come to him whose fortune is  
gone;

And, just as your shadow is certain to  
leave you,

When the path of the sun by a storm  
cloud is crossed,

The low common rabble who care only for  
fortune

Will never stand by you when your  
fortune is lost.







The Purple and White published annually by the Students' Association of Madera Union High School, Madera, California.

Editor-in-Chief ..... Philip Conley, '12.  
 Ass't Editor ..... Retta Honeycutt, '13.  
 Athletic Editor ..... David Glock, '12.  
 Exchange Editor ..... Hazel Osborn, '12.  
 Josh Editor ..... Leslie Conley, '13.  
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Senior ..... Hazel Osborn, '12.  
 Junior ..... Florence Belcher, '13.  
 Sophomore ..... Ruth Baker, '14.  
 Freshman ..... Effie Raburn, '15.  
 Business Manager... Henry McFadden, '13.  
 Asst. Bus. Mgr..... Will Isakson, '13.

This issue of the "Purple and White" represents the work of the entire school. Everyone has the "boosting spirit" this year. More stories and cuts have been submitted than ever before. Those who have not written or drawn for the paper have helped in other ways: In criticizing, in

preparing the articles for the press, in serving on committees.

We won't say to the public, "Don't be too critical," for we always appreciate honest criticism. It is our object each year to print a better paper than the last one, and we can't do this if we don't know our faults. If you see something that you think could be improved, let us know and we will thank you for it.

#### A NEEDED IMPROVEMENT

The Trustees have made many improvements this year. Sanitary drinking fountains have been installed, paper towels have been substituted for the old rollers, the tennis court has been regraded. But there is one thing that we still need and need badly—an athletic field near the school house. We have a growing school in a growing town, and as time goes on we will feel the need of this field more and more. At the present time, the need is pressing. The baseball boys have to walk over a mile to practice. The football boys have



no fixed field that they can be sure of from year to year. Another tennis court is needed and the basketball grounds might be improved on. We have never had a track near the school house, and in consequence Madera has not had a track team for years.

Other schools have suitable athletic grounds, and we should have them. The quicker the change is made, the better it will be for the school.

### OUR CONSTITUTION

We feel justly proud of our Constitution. It has now been thoroughly tried and the Students' Association has prospered under it. We have passed through the amendment stage, and everyone seems satisfied with it in its present form. An ideal balance has been reached between Faculty and Students. Both are satisfied with the powers given them, and harmony results. The elections of the Association are well managed, and the "machinery of government" runs smoothly.

Every member of the Association should study the constitution closely, and become thoroughly familiar with all of its provisions.

### INTERCLASS GAMES

Let's have more interclass games. If we aren't rich enough to bring an outside team here every week, we can at least have the pleasure of frequent events by matching the classes of the school. The girls' interclass basketball tournament brought out enthusiastic crowds. The tennis tournaments always arouses interest. Why not match the classes in all lines of athletics? Where the size of a team would be too great for one class, two classes could combine to form a team. The regular team would be helped, too, for in addition to the frequent practice, more would turn out if class teams were formed. Let's have an interclass championship in every line of sport next year.

### THE LIBRARY

The opening of the library this year has been a good thing for the school. The students now have a place where they

can read books of fiction and magazines as well as text and reference books. One of the most popular shelves in the library is that containing our exchanges, high school papers from all parts of the United States. Interest in reading has been greatly stimulated, and we will never be satisfied to go back to the old system of closed library. Mr. Thompson deserves a great deal of credit for his work in connection with the library.

Can Madera High support a semi-annual paper? It's a question well worth considering. Think it over and let next year's editor know your opinion about the matter.

The past school term has been a very successful one for the school. Scholarship records have improved, athletics have prospered. The Seniors are now ready to step out and make room for the Class of '13, which, we feel sure, will continue to play the part in school affairs that it always has. And last of all—good luck to next year's Freshmen.

### THE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

That the Students' Association is becoming more important every year is shown from the interest taken in the meetings by all members of the school. The girls are taking more part in the meetings this year than ever before.

The Literary Committee, composed of one member from each class and one other, have been presenting some good debates and entertainments to the Students' Association every two weeks.

Another important addition to the association is the advertising committee which works with the different managers in advertising any athletic or social event.

The officers elected at the close of last term for the first term of this year were: David Glock, President; Retta Honeycutt, Vice President; Marion Marchbank, Secretary; Will Isakson, Treasurer.

Those elected for the second term of this year were: John Owens, President; Henry McFadden, Vice President; Dora Wren, Secretary; Leslie Conley, Treasurer.





# EXCHANGES.

Our exchange list this year is the largest we have ever had and we are justly proud of our exchange shelves. It seems that more schools are taking up every year the idea of issuing magazines once a month. In some cases this is a success, but in some it would be better if the material were concentrated into a semi-annual or quarterly book. On the whole I think the books received this year are of higher standard, and more interest is shown. This is a good sign and we hope it will remain the case.

The Mission, Mission Hi.—Your book is one of the best we have on our list. The cover design is clever. Your stories show deep thought and careful preparation, especially the one entitled, "The News." We have only one criticism to offer, your Josh Department is not large enough. It does not balance with your other departments.

The Spider, Gridley, Cal.—Your book is a good one. Your departments are all good and your cuts are excellent, but why did you spoil your beautiful cover by putting an add on it?

El Rodeo, Merced, Cal.—Your cover design is neat and attractive. Your story, "Naming the Baby," is very interesting. Your Josh Department would be better if it were more concentrated.

Magnet, Selma, Cal.—We are always glad to welcome our neighbors. The stories and cuts are up to standard but

you made a mistake in putting adds in the front of your book.

Manzanita, Watsonville, Cal.—Your cover is unique and pleasing. The cut to your Josh Department is clever. You need more stories.

The Oracle, Bakersfield Cal.—Your stories and cuts up to standard. Your Christmas cover was attractive, but you spoiled the appearance of your paper by putting adds in the front and on the back cover.

Argus, Tulare, Cal.—(1911) The color scheme of your cover is attractive. The cuts add greatly to the appearance. Your story, "The Price of Fame" is especially good.

La Revista, Ventura, Cal.—An address paper! Surely you deserve credit. Your paper is good and your class notes interesting, but the copy we received was very poorly bound and caused the Exchange Editor no small embarrassment by falling out of the cover while in her possession. We missed your index.

Ariel, Santa Ana Polytechnic School, Santa Ana, Cal.—Your paper surely shows a good boosting spirit and it was certainly directed in the right direction. Your paper is good throughout. "The Crammed Pate" is witty and interesting.

Napanee, Napa, Cal.—Your book is good from cover to cover. Your cover is especially attractive.



Black and Gold, San Pedro, Cal.—Your cover is attractive and neat. Your class cuts are cleverly done. You spoiled the effect of your josh department and also your adds by mixing the two.

El Solano, Santa Paula, Cal.—Your paper is one of the nicest we have. Your cover is especially pleasing and the material inside does justice to its backing.

The Echo, Ceres, Cal.—For a small paper your paper is good. It would have been more complete if there had been more introduction, a table of contents, front-piece, etc.

Far Darter, St. Helena, Cal.—Your paper is a very pleasing paper. The cover is very neat. The copy we received was wrong side up in the cover, but that did not keep us from enjoying it.

Visalia High School News, Visalia, Cal.—Since you are a neighbor we are glad to get your paper, but this is not the only reason we are glad to get it. We find it lively and full of interest throughout.

Besides those listed above, the following exchanges have been received:

The Tokay, Lodi, Cal.  
 The Tripod, Saco, Me.  
 The Racquet, Portland, Me.  
 Now and Then, St. Paul, Minn.  
 Madrona, Palo Alto, Cal.  
 The Prospector, Wardner, Idaho.  
 The Echo, Santa Rosa, Cal.  
 Olla Podrida, Berkeley High, Berkeley, Cal.  
 Guard and Tackle, Stockton, Cal.  
 The Owl, Fresno, Cal.  
 The Pobob, Elko, Nev.  
 Normal Record, Chico Normal, Chico, Cal.  
 The Pacific Star, Mt. Angel, Oregon.  
 Trident, Santa Cruz, Cal.  
 San Jose High School Weekly.  
 The Item, Pasadena, Cal.  
 Ypsi Sem, Ypsilanti, Mich.  
 Janus, Hanford, Cal.  
 Adjutant, Hitchcock Military Academy, Cal.  
 Clarion (weekly paper), Rochester, N. Y.  
 The Oak (weekly paper), Washington Lower High, Berkeley, Cal.

Picayune, Hoopeston, Illinois.  
 The Normal Student (weekly paper), Tempe, Arizona.  
 Winthrop Wire, Memphis, Tenn.  
 Red and White, Mt. Carmel, Pa.  
 El Saguarra, Yuma, Cal.  
 Siskiyou Nugget, Mt. Etna, Cal.  
 El Granito, Porterville, Cal.

### As Others See Us

The Item, Pasadena, says: The Purple and White has splendid stories and fine poetical inspirations.

Racquet, Portland, Me.: Purple and White, Madera, your class notes are certainly good.

Mission, San Francisco: Purple and White. The Class Prophecy is unique and well written. A large number of cuts would not only please the eye but would add to the appearance of your paper.

The Echo, Santa Rosa, says: A well arranged book, Purple and White. Your material is good.

Olla Podrida, Berkeley, says: Purple and White, your commencement number is the best we have ever had from you. Keep it up. You have some very choice stories and your other departments are good.

Magnet, says: Purple and White, all of your departments are well written and full of interest. The fun loving disposition of your students is shown to advantage in your class notes.

The Argus, Tulare, says: Purple and White, a very good paper in the whole. The stories are witty and interesting, and the rest of the journal was equally pleasing. Although the josh department might be improved.

Winthrop Wire, Nashville, Tenn.: If the school is anything like the paper, Madera High School must be the best High School in California. We have received only your Commencement number. Call again. A welcome awaits you.



# DEBATING



## LITERARY AND DEBATING

Quite an active interest has been taken this year in the literary work. A literary committee has been appointed at each election by the President of the Students' Association. This Committee arranges programs for every Friday consisting of music, recitations, orations and debating. One very interesting program given was a mock trial, the charge was brought against David Barcroft by Paul Husted for painting his face. The attorneys of the case were P. Conley and H. Osborn for the plaintiff and D. Glock and W. Ring for the defendant. C. J. Burrell acted as judge. The jury rendered the verdict of not guilty.

Besides these, each class has either a literary or a debating society. The Junior and Sophomore classes having Literary Societies while the Freshmen and Seniors have Debating Societies.

The Freshmen especially have shown much talent for debating. Aside from their numerous class debates they had a debate with the eighth grade on the question, "Resolved, That the United States Government Should Own and Control the Railroads." Effie Raburn and Stanley Ford of the Freshmen class were on the affirmative and Esther Cardwell and Otto Husted were on the negative. While the argument on both sides was good the judges gave the decision in favor of the affirmative. The judges were Rev. F. L. Blowers, Mrs. R. Northern and R. L. Hargrove.

## LECTURES

On the evening of December 16, Prof. Baumgardt lectured at the Star theater on "Legends and Castles of the Rhine," before a small but appreciative audience. The lecture was interesting and the views that accompanied the talk were very good.

C. L. McLane, Superintendent of Schools of Fresno, spoke at the high school on the evening of March 22, his subject being, "Home and School Co-operation." The assembly hall was filled. The talk was one of the best we have heard this year, and the musical numbers that were rendered added to the enjoyment of the evening.

Besides the regular lectures, we have had the pleasure of hearing several school morning talks. Mr. Arthur Dewdney, of New Zealand gave an interesting account of life in his native country. Dr. J. A. B. Frye of Berkeley gave us a thirty minute talk on "Opportunity." Mrs. Mary Wells, who has travelled in Europe and Asia, told us of some of her most interesting experiences. We always enjoy these short talks and hope to have more of them next year.

## "THE FINISHED COQUETTE"

On the evening of April 16, 1912, in the Auditorium of the Madera Union High School, a program and play was given by the High School Students. It was well attended and appreciated by all.



The program opened with a selection by the High School Orchestra, after which members of the Glee club sang an original song. Both numbers being well rendered received much applause. Two recitations were very well given by Dora Wren and Pauline Stahl. After a solo by Myrtle Gertsen and a duet by Marguerite Murray and Stella Moore, which were very pleasing to the audience, the program concluded with the play, "The Finished Coquette."

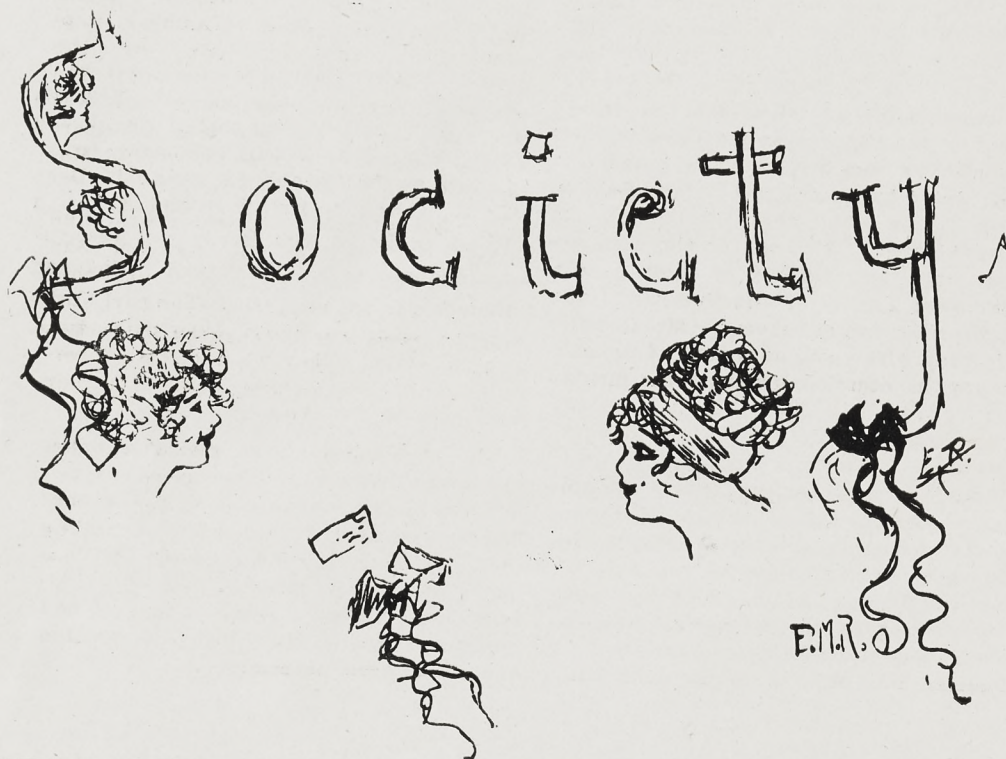
When the curtain went up, Mrs. Filbert and her three daughters were seen in their home. The part of Mrs. Filbert was very well played by Hazel Crow. Hazel Osborn, Ruth Baker and Ethel Hardell gave a splendid presentation of the three daughters, who were jealous of their cousin, Miss Daisy Leslie. While they were talking a caller was announced. Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop. The announcement of the caller was the occasion for the three girls to

rush wildly about the stage putting things to rights and fixing their hair at the mirror. Their methods of arranging the room brought roars of laughter from the audience, as they threw all the papers behind the screen. Then Mr. Winthrop was shown in. The part of Mr. Winthrop was taken by Henry McFadden, who proved himself a very fine actor and quite brought down the house in this difficult part.

The complications of the play were caused by the various suitors of the heroine, Miss Daisy Leslie. The part of Miss Leslie was well taken by Effie Raburn. Leslie Conley, as the Marquis de Marsillais, Dean Cook as Count Carbonari and Trueman Wood as Baron von Berlinwool received much applause for their good acting and their ferocious mustaches. The part of the maid was very well taken by Hilda Footman.







### FRESHMEN RECEPTION

The Freshman class was very enjoyably entertained by the Seniors on Friday evening, September the ninth. The Freshmen, of course, came dressed in their most elegant clothes and looked vainly around for the admiring glances of the Seniors. But where were the Seniors and who were those small children looking so bashfully at the mighty Freshmen? Some of these children were peaking from behind the doors while others were shyly sitting in corners, playing with their ribbons and dollies. With a little closer observation, the Freshmen discovered that these wee tots were no other

than the dignified Seniors whom they had been taught to reverence and respect as embodiments of learning. The Seniors had rummaged in the attic of their homes for some of their clothes worn in the kindergarten age and hence their youthful appearance.

David Glock and Philip Conley, with their English socks, knickerbockers and big sailor collars, made two fine looking youngsters, while Miss Bille and Miss Weaver starred as little girls in short pinafores.

After the period of bashfulness wore off from the Seniors, they entertained the Freshmen with an amusing play representing a kindergarten schoolroom. The



quaint dresses and the queer answers or the children (Seniors) greatly added to the amusement of the Freshmen.

After the play, the Freshmen were led into the Banquet Room where a bounteous repast of bread and milk and striped candy was served. Unique place cards of bibs and baby pictures were used and added greatly to the youthful appearance of the table.

At 11 o'clock the Seniors bade the Freshmen goodnight and felt repaid for their efforts by the happy beaming faces of the Freshmen, as they left for their homes.

### THE ANNUAL BANQUET

Oh, what a glorious time we did have that December night! The Woodman hall fairly rang with peals of laughter. It had been turned from a stiff lodge hall into a bright, cheery hall by the deft hands of the decorating committee of the Madera Hi school.

About 8 o'clock the pupils and Alumni began to gather. At the head of the stairs was the reception committee waiting to welcome the Alumni into the ranks of Hi school pupils once again. Everyone was excited, especially the "freshies," because this was something new to them.

Dancing was enjoyed in the long hall,

which had been decorated for the occasion, while the finishing touches were put on the tables.

Then the supper call was heard and the people were ushered into a room beautifully decorated with crepe paper and greens, and down the center of the room were two long tables fairly groaning under the load of good things. Representatives, as far back as the class of 1901, sat down to enjoy the banquet. Everyone felt happy and was glad that such a day had been set apart for the reunion of the pupils of "Old Madera Hi."

Mr. Burrell acted as toast master and called on representatives from the San Jose Normal, Law School and on other Alumni, the teachers of Madera Hi, the Athletic Association, and different classes of high school. They all responded cheerfully and it could be seen how happy they were to be at the reunion.

The attendance at the annual banquet was larger than usual. The annual banquet is always looked forward to by the Alumni and by the classes of high school, including the "freshies." We count it as one of our most enjoyable affairs of high school life, and our wish is that it shall always be counted as such in years to come.







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#### OUR GLEE CLUB

Near the beginning of the school term, it was decided to organize a Glee Club. There had been no such club for two or three years.

Therefore, all those who were interested in music met under the leadership of Miss Reeve, and elected the following officers: President, Marion Marchbank; Secretary, Jeannette Blowers; Treasurer, Henry McFadden. Victoria Cardwell was elected pianist and Bess Smith leader. There were nearly thirty-five members of the club and for a time a great deal of interest was shown and much practicing was done.

Later, Florence Belcher was elected leader and Bess Smith, pianist. Until Christ-

mas the interest was kept up, but after we returned from the holidays, it suddenly died down.

However, we hope it will be revived, as such a club is of great benefit to the school as well as to its members.

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#### MADERA HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

At the beginning of the term in September, a high school orchestra was organized under Prof. Garland. Each member decided to pay his share of instruction and practiced faithfully once or twice a week. The orchestra was making some headway, although it had never played at any affair.



When winter came, Prof. Garland left and the orchestra was left without an instructor. Practices ceased for a while, but later on a few were held. However, the public was favored only once, and that was when Mr. McLane lectured at the high school. It showed what it could do, even if it was without a leader, and if the leader, Prof. Garland, had remained, the orchestra would have been "something." But altogether, it was a success and an honor to the school. Those who played were Kleiser Hollister, Earl Cardwell, Nellie Secara, David Glock and Delbert Secara.

#### THE BOYS' QUARTETTE

Especially interesting and surprising was the ability of some of the boys in the line of vocal music.

A boys' quartette was established, consisting of Trueman Wood, Henry McFadden, Lloyd Cardwell and Dean Cook with Philip Conley as pianist. Later David Glock was substituted for Lloyd Cardwell, upon that gentleman's absence.

The quartette rendered a number of enjoyable selections and was a thorough success.







#### 1897.

George Mordecai is practicing law in San Francisco.

Mrs. O'Meara Desmond resides on a farm in Madera.

Mrs. D. B. Wilson resides in Madera.

James O'Meara.

Merle Rush.

Lois G. Wilson (Mrs. E. H. Reid).

George Nicholson.

#### 1898.

Leo Woodson is managing a store at Sugar Pine.

Miss Alice Stockton is teaching school in Fresno.

Miss Cora Kessler (Mrs. F. Blackey, Jr.) is residing in Salinas.

#### 1899.

Miss Louise Mordecai is residing on a ranch in Madera.

Mrs. W. Matthews lives in Madera.

Mayme Saunders is teaching in the Madera Grammar Schools.

Craig Cunningham is Superintendent of Schools of Madera County.

Sophia Wolters is residing on a farm in Madera.

Le Roy Kendall holds a position of book-keeper in Redding.



William Clark went from Madera to Burma as a missionary but is now in the East.

**1900.**

Lorena Kendall (Mrs. J. W. Boling) resides in Fresno.

Dr. Dow Ransome is practicing medicine in Madera.

Mary Trincano.

**1901.**

Arthur Belcher is engaged in the draying business in Madera. He is also a City Trustee.

Ben Preciado manages the store of C. F. Preciado.

Mrs. Edwards Hollister resides in Madera.

W. R. Curtin and wife (Ila Woodson) reside in Madera. He is filling the position of County Clerk.

Frank Whitehead.

Frank Cook.

**1902**

Ida Bailey is one of Fresno's Grammar School teachers.

Herbert Shadle is farming in Turlock.

Mrs. Arthur Ladd occupied a position in the Assessor's office.

Kenneth Hughes.

**1903.**

Mrs. Harry Plate is living in Richmond.

Ethel Westfall (Mrs. Ed. James) has recently moved to Taft.

Alice Cunningham (Mrs. Pitman) is living on a ranch in Madera County.

**1904.**

Maude Williams is working in the post office.

Lettie Currans and Maude Bowman are teachers in the grammar school of Madera.

Bertha Wootten (Mrs. George Ladd) is living in Madera.

Mae Cook is living in Haywards, Calif.

Virginia Larew (Mrs. Rue) is living in Spokane, Wash.

Helen Hosler.

**1905.**

Elsie Edwards is teaching school in the Howard district, in Madera County.

Rhodes Borden occupies a position of bookkeeper for Wehrmann & Meilike.

Lou Montanya (Mrs. Holding) lives on a ranch near Madera.

Abraham Preciado is in the newspaper business in Spokane, Wash.

Florence Reid is living in San Francisco.

**1906.**

Larew Woodson is bookkeeper for Thurman's mill.

Georgia Dodson is a nurse at St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco.

Horace Bailey.

Mrs. Ransom Cunningham resides in Madera.

Cornelius Appling is teaching school in Fresno County.

Frances Alley Boring is living in Madera.

Belle Hosler is teaching school in Raymond.

Frances McFadden occupies a position of bookkeeper.

Lillian Wood (Mrs. W. Meek) is teaching school in Berenda.

Dora Belcher Bartmann is living in Newman.

Olive Wood (Mrs. Slaus Viau) is living in Sanger.

Irene Bryan is living in Suisune, Calif.

Corrine Loinez.

Naomi Heiskell.

**1907.**

Lydia Hosler is teaching in the Madera Grammar School.

Mayme Glock is staying with her parents near Madera.

Merle Goucher is teaching in Lodi.

Carl Newman is clerk in the Madera Commercial Bank.

Cora Cook Desmond is living in Berenda.

Eva Dodd Parsley is living in Madera.

Le-Roy Hall is helping his father in the carpenter business.

**1908.**

Evalyn Hall is teaching school in Easton, Calif.

Gladys Footman is teaching school in Madera County.

Addie Cook is living with her parents in Berenda.

Margaret O'Meara is living in Madera.

Elmo Clark is attending Business College in San Jose.



Birdie Appling is teaching school in Madera County.

Lola McLellan Patterson is living on a ranch in Madera County.

Isabel McFadden is teaching school in Madera County.

Isabel Metz is bookkeeper for Madary's mill in Fresno.

Margaret Freeland is stenographer for Attorney F. A. Fee.

Howard Clark is working in the Tribune office.

Gladys Wood Cooper is living in Berenda.

Lillian McKenzie Price is residing in Madera.

Shirley Wilson is working in Madera.

Will Reid is in San Francisco.

#### 1909.

Chester Encs holds a position in the bank of Coalinga.

Helen Whitehead is teaching school in Madera County.

Lucille Heiskell is in Berkeley.

Jeanette Bailey is teaching school.

Gladys Hunter is working in her father's drug store.

Harry Ross holds a good position in Fresno.

Hallie Gleason is working for W. H. Larew.

Frank Desmond is ranching in Madera.

Clay Daulton is staying on the Daulton ranch.

Roy Scott is working in Madera.

Russworth Bennett holds a good position in Taft.

Edith Hall is teaching in Madera County.

#### 1910.

Jack Dodson is attending Business College in Oakland.

Lucile Fortune is working in the County Library.

Sadie O'Meara is living at home in Berenda.

Bertie Raburn holds a good position with Friedberger & Harder.

Gladys Renfro is working at Etter's.

Lenna Skaggs is attending the San Jose Normal.

Chester Vanderburg is attending Stanford.

Frank Reid is local agent for the Ford Automobile.

#### 1911.

Lewis Wright is working in the Fresno National Bank.

John Gordon has a position in the Madera Abstract office.

Charley High is taking a post graduate course in High School.

Columbus Appling is staying at home on the farm.

Milnor Blowers is attending the University of Redlands.

Ona Honeycutt is attending the San Jose Normal.

Florence Latham has a position with Tighe-Breyfogle Co.

Lelia Schmidt is attending the Fresno Normal.

Bernice Woodson is attending the San Jose Normal.

Faustina Wren is teaching in Madera county.

Erna Wehrmann is keeping books at her father's store.





# CLASS NOTES

## SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Sept. 4. School begins. Seniors oust Juniors from coveted seats. Thereupon feud begins.

Sept. 12. Seniors hold class meeting. This is only the first of many struggles. Class officers elected. John Owens, President; David Glock, Vice President; Isabel Bennett, Secretary and Treasurer; Hazel Osborn, Class Editor.

Sept. 22. Seniors form a debating society in U. S. History. The following officers were elected: Hazel Crow, President; May Wood, Vice President; Mae Burgess, Secretary; Earl Cardwell, Treasurer; Dora Wren, Reporter.

Sept. 27. Today we had a glorious fight. Tomorrow is the reception to the Freshmen.

Sept. 29. Senior Reception to the Freshies held. From all accounts it was a great success.

Oct. 6. A debate was held today in our society. "Resolved that women should be given the right of suffrage." Affirmative, P. Conley, J. Owens, D. Clock. Negative, Winna High, Hazel Crow, Hazel Osborn. The affirmative won but, of course, the girls didn't care. Mr. Burrell was the only voter to be influenced and we are not quite sure whether he is convinced or not.

Oct. 19. Philip in History. "Mr. Burrell, I have one heart (Hart)." (He seems to be more lucky than some people.)

Nov. 1. (Miss Bille, to Seniors eating oranges.) "You are not supposed to eat the shrubbery." (I wonder if she thinks we are sheep or merely Freshies.)

Nov. 6. Seniors had their pictures taken. When asked if he thought there was any danger of his camera breaking, the photographer said, "No, I have just taken the Juniors."

Nov. 8. A senior juggled!!!!!!

Nov. 9. David got a shave. Mary gave him the hint.

Dec. 22. The annual banquet occurs today. The last Annual banquet the Class of '12 will ever attend as a member of the M. U. H. S.

Nov. 22. Discovered! In the Senior class. A human fly trap. Apply to P. Conley for information.

Jan. 3. Students' Association election. Two Seniors elected.

Jan. 3. After election. Dora victorious. Hazel defeated, looking at examination papers.

Hazel—"Well, I got I. if I didn't get elected."

Dora—"Well, I got elected if I didn't get I (one)."

Jan. 5. Philip (in physics). "Yes, Miss Bille, this smells like water."

Jan. 9. Seniors play basketball against Freshmen. Seniors win.

Jan. 10. Juniors play basketball against Sophomores. Sophomores win.

Jan. 12. Seniors play against Sophomores. Seniors win. Hurrah for the girls of 1912.

Jan. 17. May Wood, reading Chaucer—"And by his side he bare a rusty blade." "He carried by his side a rusty spade."

Miss Weaver—"What does 'choleric' mean, Earl?"

Earl—"It means that he was sick, doesn't it?"



Jan. 24. David (in History) Grant tried to crush Lee's wings.

Mar. 21. Miss Weaver—"Macduff's son was wise beyond his ears. Oh, I mean years."

Mar. 22. Seniors win Interclass Tennis tournament. This has happened three years and it is with great reluctance that they give up the much prized pennant to the succeeding victors whoever they may be.

Mar. 26. Miss Weaver, speaking of ghosts, said that most people who were superstitious preferred a light in case a ghost should come.

Earl C. "Huh, I don't want any light around me when a ghost comes. I don't want him to see which way I go."

April 4. Mr. Burrell—"Mr. Glock, what are the rights of citizens?"

David—"Oh, protection of property,—er, protection of property,—er—oh, there's a whole list of 'em in the book."

April 8. Winna, in roll call—"Oh, Mr. Burrell, there's only three absent from this seat." (Somewhat crowded?)

June 1. And now comes the beginning of the end. Commencement. The days of the class of 1912 are numbered.

With gladness mixed with sorrow,

We say our fond "farewell,"

For we know not what tomorrow

As our fortune may foretell.

#### JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Sept. 4. Grind begins.

Sept. 5. Scrubs arrive.

Sept. 6. Class meeting—Will Brammer was elected President; Trueman Wood, Vice President; Margaretha Wehrmann, Secretary.

Sept. 18. How do you like Chemistry? ("Nuff sed.")

Sept. 29. Initiation of children (Scrubs).

Oct. 6. Miss W. (3rd English teacher) hasn't decided whether the 3rd. English Class is a "Junior Class" or a "Class of Babies."

Oct. 11. John Conley is making a collection of blackboard erasers. Everyone

is on the look-out, because John is one of the "star peggers" on the baseball team.

Oct. 20. Will I. plays the part of a hero and saves Retta's life in the English History class. (Congratulations.)

Oct. 27. Miss W.—(3rd English) "The large white horse refers to—Jeanetta?"

Oct. 31. Henry Mc. enjoys the noon hour by driving Hazel O. around while she eats her lunch.

Nov. 3. Marion M. advertised "For sale cheap." Apply to Leslie Conley for particulars.

Nov. 6. Will Ring distinguishes himself by debating.

Nov. 27. Will B., the brilliant English student is always answering questions in English; once in a while he answers rightly.

Dec. 1. Henry winks at Miss Bille. Miss Bille is deeply mortified.

Dec. 16. Alumni banquet at W. O. W. hall. (Juniors disgrace themselves by their eating.)

Jan. 4. Dramatic Club organized. Margaretha, our "fairest," is elected president.

Jan. 26. Henry makes violent love to Bessie in German class. Professor Thompson hears him, so Bessie positively refuses.

Feb. 1. Juniors plead for a class entertainment. Mr. Burrell firmly refuses. "No more class rivalry."

Feb. 4. Will R. is sent from the room for tripping "innocent" little Robert.

Feb. 9. Delbert S. (describing the men of Bengal). "They were just like ladies in actions and ways."

Feb. 12. Miss Reeve keeps Helen in for Commercial Arithmetic (as usual). Helen becomes desperate and skips.

Feb. 28. Mr. Thompson keeps the English History Class in after school. Linton thoroughly enraged because he has to start home early.

Feb. 29. Trueman, the school poet, writes a poem for the school, concerning marriage.

Mar. 8. Stella Moore receives a one-plus in German. (Wonders are still happening.)



Mar. 20. Will B. quits school. His father's thriving business demands Will's service. Will says he will come back next year.

April 1. Bess is on the "grouch." "Bud" and Bess have quarreled.

April 2. All is well again. Bess continues to wear her heavenly smile.

April 4. Henry is back at school again after a short vacation owing to his sprained ankle.

April 5.

Here's to the class of '13.

The jolliest bunch you've ever seen,

There's not a one of us mean,

We're all bright and keen,

And soon we will all be Seniors.

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Sept. 14. School starts. Our ranks are decreased two or three. A rush for back seats. Freshmen to be seen at every turn.

Sept. 17. Ah! Here again to learn that we mustn't say "gee," and to hear once more Mr. Thompson's musical voice.

Sept. 30. Although the Sophomore boys said they would "fix" the Freshmen, it is quite noticeable that the Freshmen girls have some attractions for them.

Oct. 4. A meeting was called and Purple and Gold were chosen as the class colors, and the sweet pea as the class flower. The motto chosen was "Our Best Always."

Oct. 5. As some of us are getting too familiar with our neighbors the faculty thought it wise to move our seats.

Oct. 9. Mr. Burrell informs us that we will not have a holiday tomorrow (election day) and there are many sad faces especially among the Freshmen.

Oct. 10. What do you know about the Sophomore boys and the little freshies? No wonder they are late to school.

Oct. 12. Miss Reeve (to some one talking in the back of the room, while she is reading the Ancient Mariner). "Who is talking?" Class, "The Mariner."

Oct. 20. Helen W. (In English). "The mountain rills ran downwards and so did

the tears." David B., "I don't see how tears could run up."

Oct. 26. Miss Reeve, "The Greeks were going to fight the turkies for freedom."

Nov. 13. Mr. Thompson says the Josh Box should be filled every two weeks. I guess he must think we are all jokes.

Nov. 19. We have fairly commenced on our brilliant career as Sophomores, and already Miss Reeve is distracted with our lack of brains.

Nov. 21. Dean tells Miss Reeve the old English has his goat.

Nov. 24. Mr. Thompson said there was a great demand for pepper in Europe in the middle ages. Miss Reeve seems to think the Sophomores should have a demand for ginger.

Dec. 1. The freshies have begun to talk of the Alumni Banquet but we are as yet unmoved by its splendors.

Dec. 18. Vacation at last. Our poor brains will get a badly needed rest.

Jan. 2. Miss Reeve (In second English). "What does Scott say about the man whose heart does not burn when he returns from a foreign shore?" David B. "Go scratch him well."

Jan. 16. Stop! Look! and Listen! No more will the smiling faces of the Sophomores greet you. Miss R. has pronounced us a dead class.

Jan. 17. Behold the hardy Sophs. have risen from the dead to hold an indignation meeting.

Jan. 25. A meeting was held and Edith How elected President of the class for the last half year, Elizabeth Washington, Secretary and Treasurer. There was also a secret service and arrangement committee appointed.

Jan. 29. David B. (reciting in History) "Elizabeth was the son of Henry, the 8th, and Anne Bolyn."

Jan. 30. We are expected to blossom forth as full fledged orators by next Friday.

Feb. 2. Behold we have blossomed. We have produced fifteen works of genius fit to be delivered from the steps of the White House if necessary.

Mar. 6. We are exhausted from our struggles with Emerson. Still I suppose



we ought to be thankful that Miss Reeve saved us from the terrors of the "Democracy."

Mar. 11. Thank our lucky stars this is institute week. We surely need it for we are worn to skin and bones.

Mar. 19. Miss Bille. "Well I suppose it is a lot to ask Sophomores to do three propositions a day." Don't be too hard on us Miss Bille, remember we are very delicate.

April 1. Here we leave the jolly Sophomores, and when we meet you again, we will be no longer Sophies but staid and dignified Juniors.

#### FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Sept. 4. At last, the aim of the Freshman class has been realized. Entered High School, the goal of our Grammar School ambition. Felt decidedly shaky at first entrance.

Sept. 9. Reminded of the fact that our class is the largest ever entered in Madera High School and also told that this fact necessitates our being good.

Sept. 10. Mr. Burrell informs us of so many rules that we must not break in High School that our heads feel like rule books. Almost afraid to move.

Sept. 11. Found out what the "Jug" was. It was one of those "experience" cases.

Sept. 12. Have a great deal of difficulty finding class rooms. Freshmen hurry frantically around, all over building and finally give up and go back where they started from.

Sept. 18. Met a Sophomore falling up stairs today. From appearances it must be an energetic class.

Sept. 20. Held first class meeting and elected following officers: President, Florence Floto; Vice President, Stanley Ford; Secretary, Dora Wilson; Treasurer, Estelle Appling.

Oct. 4. High School very strenuous. Nevertheless, we persevere. Florence F. had great difficulty pronouncing Latin today. Sounded more like Chinese than

Latin. Florence said she could say it, but she couldn't pronounce it.

Oct. 5. Held class meeting today and chose class motto, "Ever toward higher achievements," and colors blue and gold.

Oct. 6. Still persevering; also grinding.

Oct. 12. Mr. Thompson talks all period today. Enjoyable time. He did not forget, however, to assign new lessons.

Oct. 15. Invited to Freshman reception by Seniors. Getting very popular. We'll all be there.

Oct. 16. Held meeting to organize Literary Society. Effie Raburn chosen President. Expect many programs.

Oct. 20. Lucille imagines she is a phonograph in Ancient History. Endeavors to entertain Freshman Class. Exit Lucille.

Oct. 22. Wonders upon wonders! Florence F. pronounces a word right in Latin today. (P. S. Miss Weaver pronounced it first). Another wonder occurred. Freshman seconded motion in Student Body meeting.

Nov. 2. Some of the Freshman not satisfied with report cards. Appeal to teachers. Confronted with records. Quiet-ed, but not appeased.

Nov. 15. Mr. Burrell becomes wrought up in Algebra today and gets genders slightly tangled. Bea N. comes very near having hysterics.

Nov. 29. Stanley F. develops lame leg and also tendency to drop things. Next thing will be "Jug."

Dec. 1. Everyone decidedly "blue" over results of Algebra test. Nevertheless, we still persevere.

Dec. 20. Nearing Xmas. Everyone happy. Wonder why? Teachers bound we shall make up for time we lost during vacation.

Dec. 22. Presented with letters from typewriting class. Some enjoyed, some ———(?)

Jan. 2. Back again! Will study hard. Everything familiar.

Jan. 8. Lucille makes hasty departure from Algebra room. Lucille has all powers of entertainer but Mr. Burrell has different views in the matter.



Jan. 17. Held first Literary Program today. Everyone enjoyed it.

Feb. 20. Inter-class basketball. Freshman vs. Seniors. Results ———.

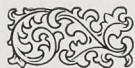
Feb. 25. Freshmen take part in the Student Body programs. Freshmen energetic class.

Mar. 8. Miss Reeve tells us present course in English will enable us to use good English on our feet. Puzzled expressions on Freshmen faces.

Mar. 28. Debated with Eighth Grade today. Attended by entire High School. We won.

April 1. Wish teachers would "April Fool" us by omitting lessons—but no such good luck.

April 3. Hurray. Vacation coming nearer and nearer. Soon we will be Sophomores, then Juniors, then Seniors, and there the vision fades.







Madera High School has experienced a very successful year in Athletics, both financially and in games won. The girls' basketball team was the most successful. The football team was a success as was the baseball team.

## Base Ball

The baseball team started its season as soon as school began in the fall with John Owens manager and "Brick" Glock, captain.

The team ran into some hard luck in the first of the season; some of the players were unable to be in the game but they showed a burst of speed every once in a while.

Cardwell and Stitt divided up the catching job this year. Cardwell is an old hand at the game and is a good, consistent and reliable man behind the plate. Stitt is a youngster, who will be quite capable of filling Cardwell's shoes next year.

Woods, the big sidewheeler, did the bulk of the heaving this year and was certainly there with the goods. They all had to look up at his cross-fire and curve. If nothing happens he will be even better next year.

L. Glock is another left hander who showed considerable promise. In the one game that he worked so far he had everything on the ball. He has two more years in which to show his worth.

Isakson, a right hander, did his share of the pitching, and did well.

First base had numerous occupants, but L. Cardwell and L. Conley were the only regular ones. Lloyd Cardwell held the bag down to perfection until he left school. Leslie Conley was then transferred from center-field to the initial cushion. He looks like a real Hal Chase in his new job.

Beany Cook was the hero who guarded the keystone sack and Beany was a good guard too.

Captain Glock held down the difficult corner, while Charlie High grabbed the nice ones out of the dirt at short.

Philip Conley was the one who killed the winged flies in left field with his little glove, while Sandy Post and Trine took care of center and right garden respectively.

## HEALDS VS. M. H. S. AT MADERA

The first game of the season took place at the local ball park with Heald's Business College as our opponents, on Sept. 23, 1911.

In the first inning the visitors piled up seven runs. This was enough to win an ordinary game, but Healds wasn't satisfied with that amount and proceeded to get six more and it's a good thing for them that they did, for by consistent playing the M. H. S. piled up twelve runs so that they only beat us by one run after all their hard work. Four of the visitors runs were



scored when Wright put the ball over the right field fence.

The feature catch of the day was made by Trine when he captured a screeching drive with one hand.

Isackson, Woods and Stitt formed the battery for the M. H. S. while Ragel and Pimentel officiated for Healds.

#### LE GRAND VS. M. H. S. AT LE GRAND

The next battle took place at Le Grand and resulted in a tie of five to five in the thirteenth inning, game being called on account of darkness.

Philip Conley made some big league catches in left field and also clouted the ball on the nose. Cook also hit a few where they couldn't be touched. It was a fast game from start to finish and kept the large crowd on their feet at all times.

Although a small school, Le Grand surely has a good ball team.

Woods, started the game for Madera but was hit by a pitched ball and had to retire. Isackson relieved him. Earl Cardwell did the receiving in this game while Pendergrass and Grassmore formed the battery for Le Grande.

#### LE GRANDE VS. MADERA AT MADERA

Le Grande came here for a return game on Oct. 28, 1911. They surely had on their batting clothes for thirteen hits were registered off of Isackson two of which were labeled for three bases. The final score was five to four in favor of Le Grande. Fast fielding kept the score down on both sides as the M. H. S. gathered nine hits off of Pendergrass. P. Conley pulled off some more of his fielding stunts by nailing two flies up against the fence and L. Conley also pulled a liner off his shoe strings. A fast double play, Glock to High to L. Cardwell, was made by M. H. S.

Earl Pendergrass of Le Grande also pulled off a nice piece of fielding when he captured a foul fly near the fence.

Le Grand had their same battery, Pendergrass and Grassmore, while Isackson and Stitt did that work for Madera.

#### M. H. S. VS. COYOTES, FEB. 22, 1912.

Before a large crowd of students and town people, the High School team defeat-

ed the Coyotes, with a bunch of Coast Leaguers and professionals in their lineup.

Scott and Owens did the hard work for the Coyotes, while Woods, Isackson, L. Glock and E. Cardwell did the battery work for M. H. S.

The final score was three to two.

#### FRESNO HI VS. M. H. S. AT MADERA

On April 20 the Fresno high school aggregation of ball tossers came to Madera and the way they started out, they surely meant business. In eight and one-half innings they piled up sixteen runs to our four. Everybody hit the ball. In the last half of the ninth Madera came to herself and before "Doc" Olufs could stop the slaughter, nine runs had been piled up, making the score 1 to 13 in favor of Fresno Hi. Nine runs isn't so bad for a ninth inning rally. The game was quite exciting notwithstanding the size of the score.

The game had to be stopped for about fifteen minutes in the second inning on account of the "duck" weather.

#### MERCED HI VS. M. H. S. AT MADERA

On April 27 we had the pleasure of of engaging in battle with our old time rivals, Merced Hi.

We surely got revenge for former defeats. When the last man had given up, the score was 15 to 3 in favor of Madera high school.

With everybody on the M. H. S. team batting and fielding like demons, the score was never in doubt. A total of nineteen hits was made off of Mike Schino, Merced's pitcher.

## Foot Ball

Madera High School put a Rugby team into the field along with the other teams. It was a marked success when the fact, that this was our first year and none of the boys knew anything of the game, is taken into consideration. Robert Hargrove was selected as captain and David Glock as manager.



**LINDSAY VS. M. H. S.**

After weeks of hard practice we hooked up with Lindsay Hi on our home grounds, on Thanksgiving Day. The game was fast and exciting from start to finish.

In the last part of the first half Leesyl Trine, our whirlwind half back, crossed Lindsay's goal line for the only score of the game.

Stitt failed to convert.

**FRESNO HI VS. M. H. S. DEC. 16, 1911,  
AT MADERA**

The next game to be played was with the husky Rugby team from Fresno High School. The final score was twenty-seven to nothing in favor of Fresno but Fresno had to fight for every score she made. Superior weight and experience in the game was the cause of our defeat.

This was the last game of the season as all the other teams were disbanded by this time. Next year the team should be a winner.

The lineup of the team was something like this for the year, Wood and O'Meara, front rank; Ring, lock; Conley and Tyrell side rank; E. Cardwell and Rawson, rear rank; Trine, half back; D. Glock, ins. five-eighths; L. Cardwell and L. Glock changed off at center three-quarters; McFadden, right wing three-quarters; Isakson and High, left wing three-quarters; Stitt, full.

Coach Jack Horton and Captain Hargrove deserve much credit in bringing the team up to the high standard that it attained. Mr. Horton's work was appreciated very much by the team and the school.

**Boys' Basketball**

The boys basketball team started the season with David Glock as captain and Henry McFadden, manager.

Only two games were played, one with the All Stars of town and Le Grande High School, both of which were lost.

**M. H. S. VS. ALL STARS, JAN 27, 1912.**

Before a large crowd of basketball enthusiasts, the All Stars, a semi-professional

team, defeated the High School by the score of 25 to 15.

The two teams were neck and neck until the latter part of the second half, when the High School players weakened and allowed the All Stars to win. Gene Jewett, the All Star center, was the star of the game making fourteen of the twenty-five points for the All Stars. The High School team played together but lacked endurance of the All Stars.

The lineup: Glock, Post, P. Conley, F.; Woods and L. Conley, C.; McFadden, Trine, L. Conley, G.

**Girls' Basketball**

Early in the year, a girls' basketball meeting was held and Dora Wren was elected Captain and Miss Mary Bille, manager. Later Miss Bille resigned and Vic Cardwell was elected to fill her place. E. Cardwell coached the team and it is to him that the team owe much of their success.

**MADERA VS. OLEANDER**

On Dec. 16, the Girls' basketball team played its first game against Oleander, on the M. H. S. court. The game was a good one. Madera's team work was especially strong. Dora Wren made all of Madera's goals, but the whole team working for this end kept the ball near Madera's goal all the time. The score was 10 to 4, favor of Madera.

On Jan. 27, two picked teams from the High School played in the rink. A game had been scheduled with Fresno for that night but they did not come so a game was arranged between the "Purple" and "White" teams. The teams were more evenly matched than the score may indicate and the game was immensely interesting. The score was 17 to 5 in favor of the "White" team.

**M. H. S. VS. SANGER AT SANGER**

On Jan. 19 the Girls' basketball team went to Sanger for a game with the girls of that town.



## Foot Ball Team



Reading from left to right: Top Row, Holbrook Rawson, Leesyl Trine, Leslie Conley,  
Roy Stitt, Harold Tyrrell, Will Ring  
Second Row: Leslie Glock, Earl Cardwell, Will Isakson Trueman Wood  
Third Row: Homer Smith, Stanley Ford, Henry McFadden, Robert Hargrove, Capt., David Glock,  
Mgr., Dean Cook.



Girls' Basket Ball Team



Reading from left to right:  
Top Row, Ruby Russell, Bernetta Nesbitt  
Second Row, Victoria Cardwell, Agnes Briscoe, Dora Wren, Capt.,  
Nellie Secara, Earl Cardwell, Coach.



A large crowd was present to watch the exceedingly fast and interesting game, which belonged to either side until the referee's final whistle blew.

The team work on both sides could have been improved, Madera having probably the best of it. Sanger scored her points on fast work of her forwards. Dora Wren starred for Madera while Nellie Secara played her usual steady court game. Score 14 to 13 in favor of Madera.

#### FRESNO VS. MADERA AT MADERA

On Feb. 2, the Fresno girls came to Madera and proceeded to give our girls their first defeat. The score was 17 to 12. Our girls did not play in their usual steady manner, but showed weakened form. On the other hand Fresno had an unusually strong team and won their game by vigorous guarding.

#### EASTON VS. MADERA AT EASTON

On March 16, the girls went to Easton and came back with happy faces spelling victory. Not only did their victory make them smile but the kindly treatment they received at the hands of the Easton girls. The score was 7 to 3. It should have been much larger but the girls are contented as long as they won.

#### FRESNO VS. MADERA AT FRESNO

On March 30, the girls went to Fresno, where they suffered the same sad experience as they had on Feb. 2. The Fresno girls piled up a score of 27 to 11.

Although the girls felt their defeat keenly they came back with best feelings for their enemies who had proven such kind friends.

The lineup for the season was as follows:

Dora Wren, Nellie Secara, Effie Raburn, forwards; Ruby Russell, Burnetta Nesbitt, Hazel Osborn, Marion Marchbank, centers; Agnes Briscoe, Victoria Cardwell, guards; Pauline Stahl, sub.

### Interclass Basketball

Jan. 8, 9, 10 the interclass basketball games were held. Wednesday the Juniors

and Sophomores played, the Sophomores winning. Thursday the Seniors and Freshmen played, the Seniors winning.

This left the final struggle between the Sophs and Seniors. On Friday the deciding game took place. The Seniors won the game, as well as the interclass basketball championship of M. H. S.

### Tennis

Madera High School is yet the proud possessor of the Central California Championship, owing to the fact that no one has appeared to take our title from us.

Late last year, the Tennis Association elected their officers, Captain, Marion Marchbank; Manager, Leslie Conley. Later in the year Leslie Conley resigned and Will Isaksen was elected to fill his place.

On March 20, 21, 22, the Interclass Tennis Tournament was held.

On Wednesday, March 20, the Junior and Freshmen played. The Juniors won.

On Thursday, March 21, the Seniors and Sophomores played. The Seniors won.

Friday, March 22, the Seniors and Juniors met for the final struggle, the Seniors winning for the fifth time the interclass Tennis pennant, by winning 3 out of 5 events.

### Wearers of the Block M 1912

#### Girls basketball:

Dora Wren.  
Agnes Briscoe.  
Victoria Cardwell.  
Burnetta Nesbitt.  
Nellie Secara.  
Ruby Russell.

#### Football:

Robert Hargrove.

#### All round athletics:

David Glock.  
Philip Conley.  
Leslie Conley.  
Earl Cardwell.  
Leesyl Trine.



Miss R. Dean, have you any reason for not reciting this lesson?

Dean—Yes Ma'am.

Miss R.—What is it?

Dean—Don't know it.

John and Isabel went today,  
Down to the jeweler, Mr. Bay,  
Now don't get excited and raise a din;  
They only went after the senior pin.

Miss Reeve.—Prof. Somebody says that after a person's forty they always have some hobby.

Wise Soph.—What's your hobby, Miss Reeve?

Mr. Burrell (Announcing about the use of the barn.)—"I hope there is no conflict about the use of the barn by the people



O S

coming in from the country as there are stalls enough to accommodate everyone."

#### A BERENDA ANECDOTE

A. Post turned to Wood,  
And Wood turned to A. Post,  
And they both turned to rubber at A. Cook.

Willie C. Ring, Jr.—Hey, Mr. Burrell, have you seen anything of "Pros & Cons," I've got to debate tomorrow.

Dean C.—He won't have much need for the Pros but he couldn't get along without the Con."





If Linton Mantonya is short, is Charley High?

Miss R.—Harp of the North (Adelbert Clark) you have been out of use for a long time. We would now like to hear you sing and play once more.

Soph Boy (explaining to Retta H. about aviation meet)—There were three airships in the air at once.

Retta (very much excited)—Were they flying?

Soph Boy (disgusted)—Naw! One was walking and the other two were running.

Miss Bille—What would happen if a person would inhale too much impure air?

Bob. H.—You'd bust.

Ford—Douglass paid all his debts Saturday. Guess why.

Charley—Can't do it.

Ford—It was China New Year.

If Lloyd wouldn't propose do you think Ida Wood.

(Heard in Room 2 as fair senior is seen holding the gate for Henry.) "Guess I'll stub my toe, too, and get a crutch. Then maybe some girl would come and take me riding."

Junior Girl (sitting in a buggy near the pop corn stand)—Mercy, doesn't that pop corn smell good.

"Ole" (very gallantly)—I'll drive closer so that you can get a better smell, if you want me to.

Trueman—Miss Weaver, what is a rough house?

Miss W.—Well, really Trueman, I don't know.

Bob.—Say, Miss Weaver, ain't Bill Ring a good definition?

There was a young fellow named Earl,  
Who admired the sister of Pearl;

But she went away,  
Then he cried a day,  
And proceeded to get a new girl.

Mr. B. (To Henry after a week's absence)  
—Why have you been absent?

Henry—My ankle was hurt.

Mr. B.—A very lame excuse, indeed.

Miss Bille (In regard to Physics experiment)—I think you are a little bit off.

David G.—Huh! We always knew that.

David B.—I smell cabbage burning.

Bill I.—Well, get your head away from the stove, you Mut.

Miss R.—Ellen was almost a hero.

If Dora Wren could sing could Hazel Crow?

Ford—Lend me a half a dollar and I will be everlastingly indebted to you.

Trine—Yes, that's what I'm afraid of.

Miss Reeve—Dave, who frames the laws?

David—I never knew they were framed.

Florence B.—Why, Miss Weaver, he didn't die, he killed himself.

Teacher—Never use slang.

Burnetta—Gee Whiz! How can you help it.

Miss W.—What is a word that comes from the Latin word, pax, pacis?

David B.—Small pox.

If the Juniors are brave is Anne Noble?

Mr. T. (In Anc. Hist.)—What one thing were the ancient Egyptians especially noted for?

Roy S.—Making eyes.

Miss R.—What are the measures of the feet of the Lady of the Lake?

Hazel C. (Talking of an injured boy.)—  
They thought they would have to take his feet off for a while.

If Snowball could cook would he teach Edith Howe?



**NOTICE**

Wanted—Someone to keep Bill Ring limping on the right foot.

A Red Cross organization and ambulance for the basketball squad. Apply to Capt. Glock.

Mr. T.—What is the most important agricultural product of Greece?

Helen W. (Eagerly)—They raise the finest marble in the world.

Linton M.—What meter is that poem of Trueman's, "The Man Behind the Tree." written in, bombastic, gasometer or catalytic speedometer?

Paul H.—Neither, it is hashedometer.

Mr. T. (In Anc. Hist.)—What was one of the punishments inflicted on the Assyrians when taken as prisoners?

Steve—They killed 'em alive.

Miss R.—Will, please take your seat.

Bill (excitedly)—Where do you want me to take it to, Miss Reeve?

Will R.—What makes your teeth have dark spots on them?

Dave G.—Same reasons as yours have.

Will R.—Here, want a cigar?

Miss R.—And here comes something good.

Just then the bell rang.

**FAVORITE SONGS**

Retta—"Billie."

Isabel—"When Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

Mr. T.—"No Wedding Bells for Me."

David G.—"Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

Florence F.—"Waltz Me Around Again Willie."

**HEARD IN GERMAN**

The bird flows over the river.

He was very transparent.

One who can only see things that are in his nose is nearsighted.

Germany has many feet.

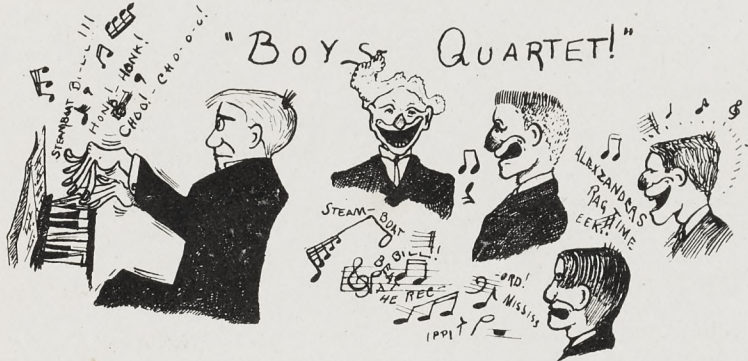
A cat is bigger than a dog but smaller than a mouse.

The bird builds its nest on the farmer.

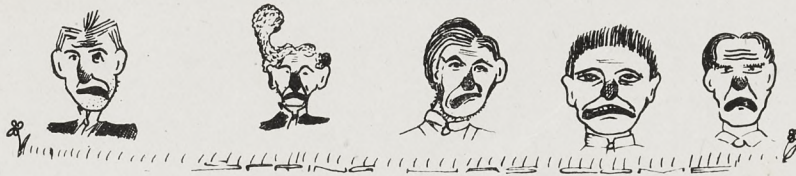




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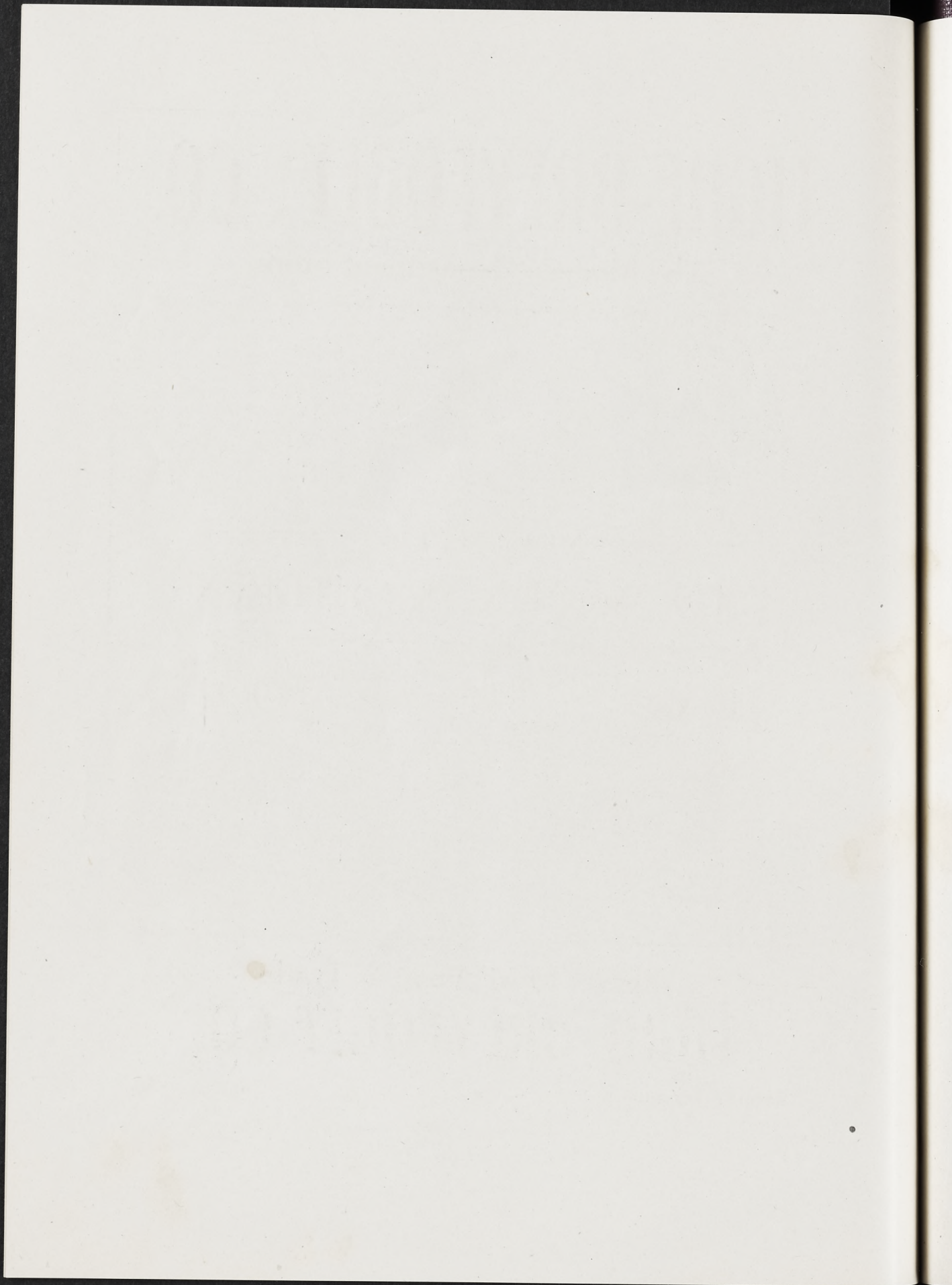
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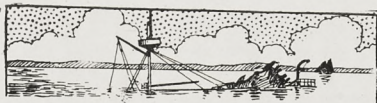
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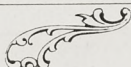
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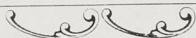
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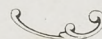
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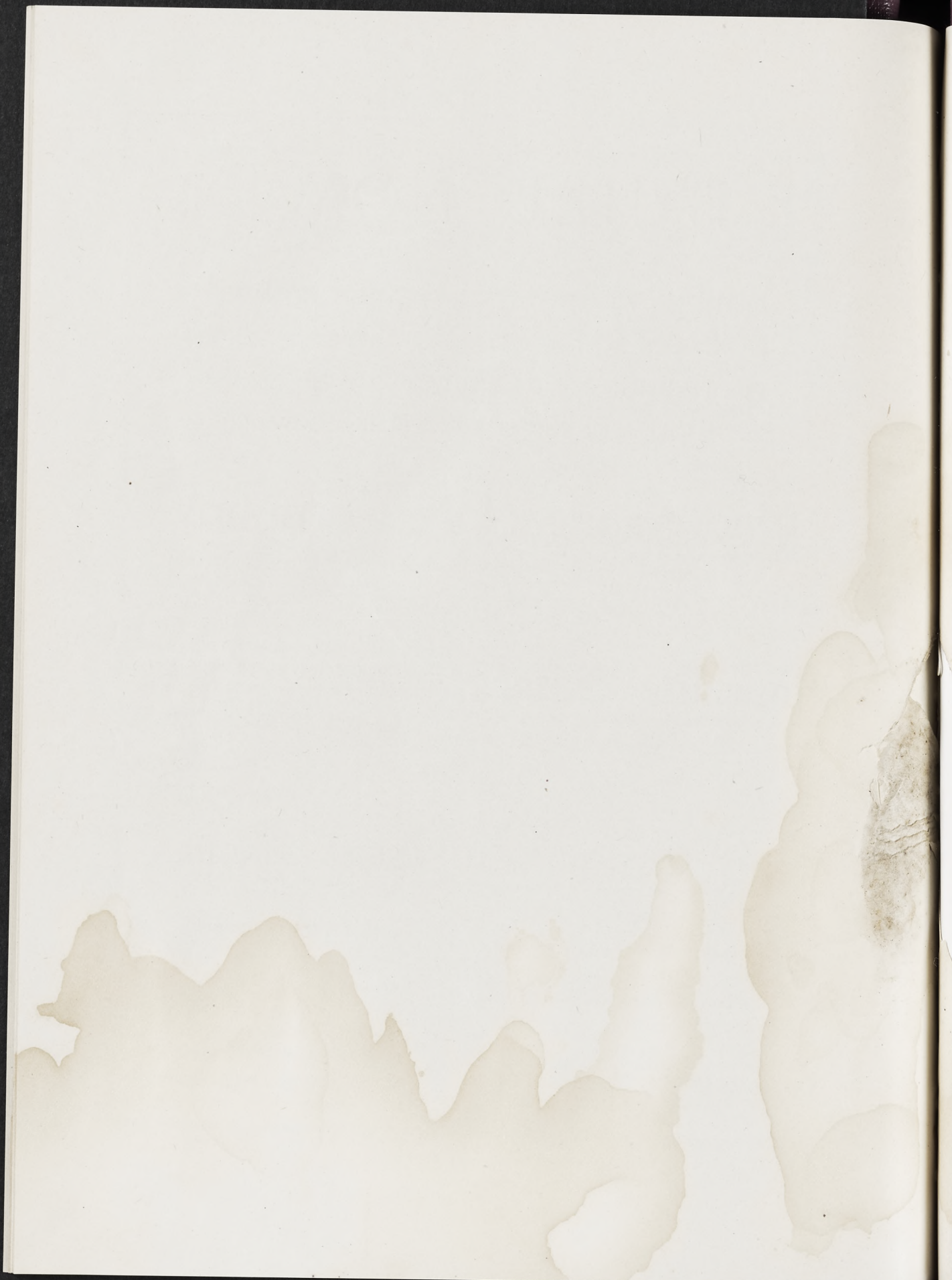
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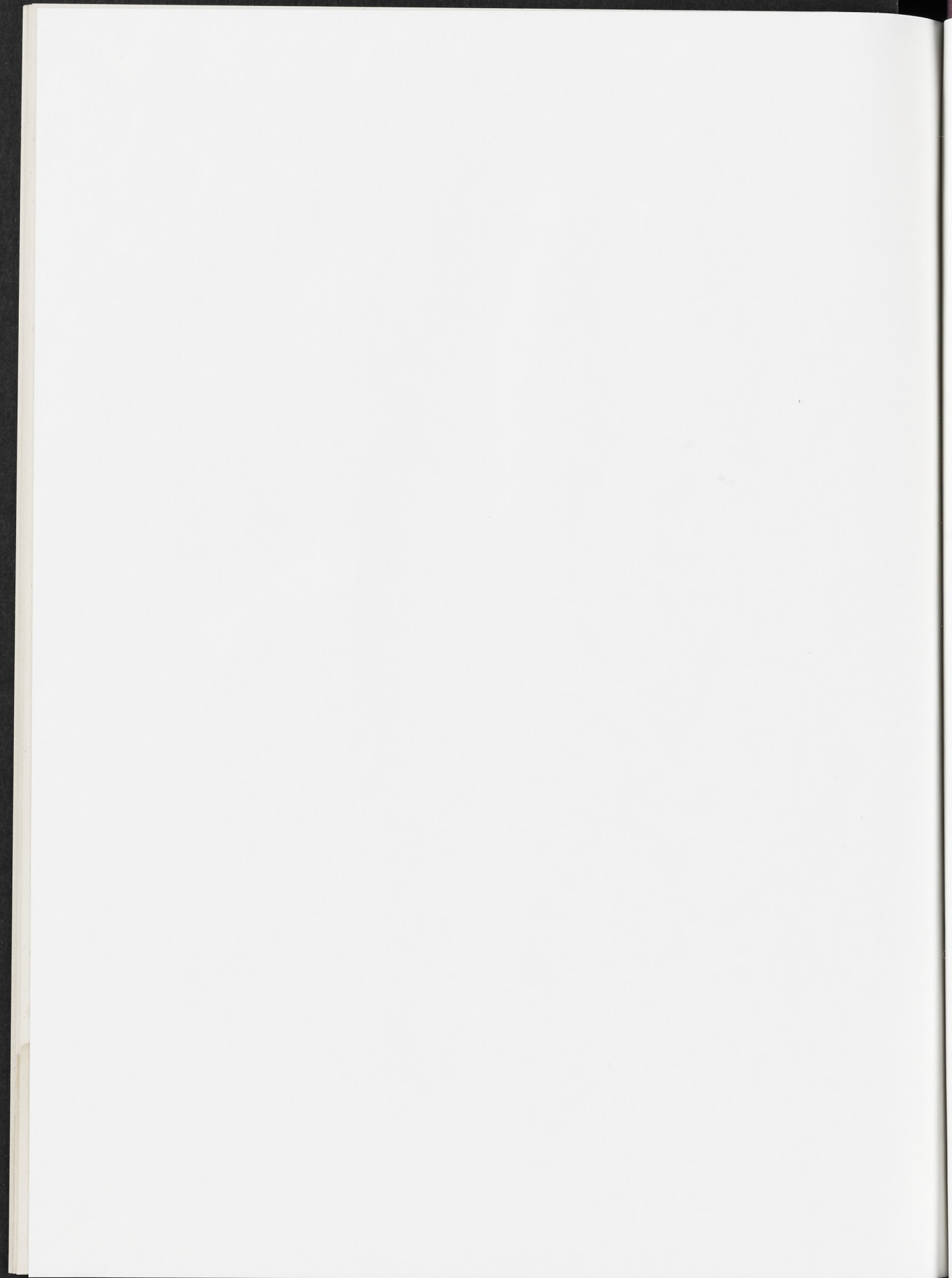


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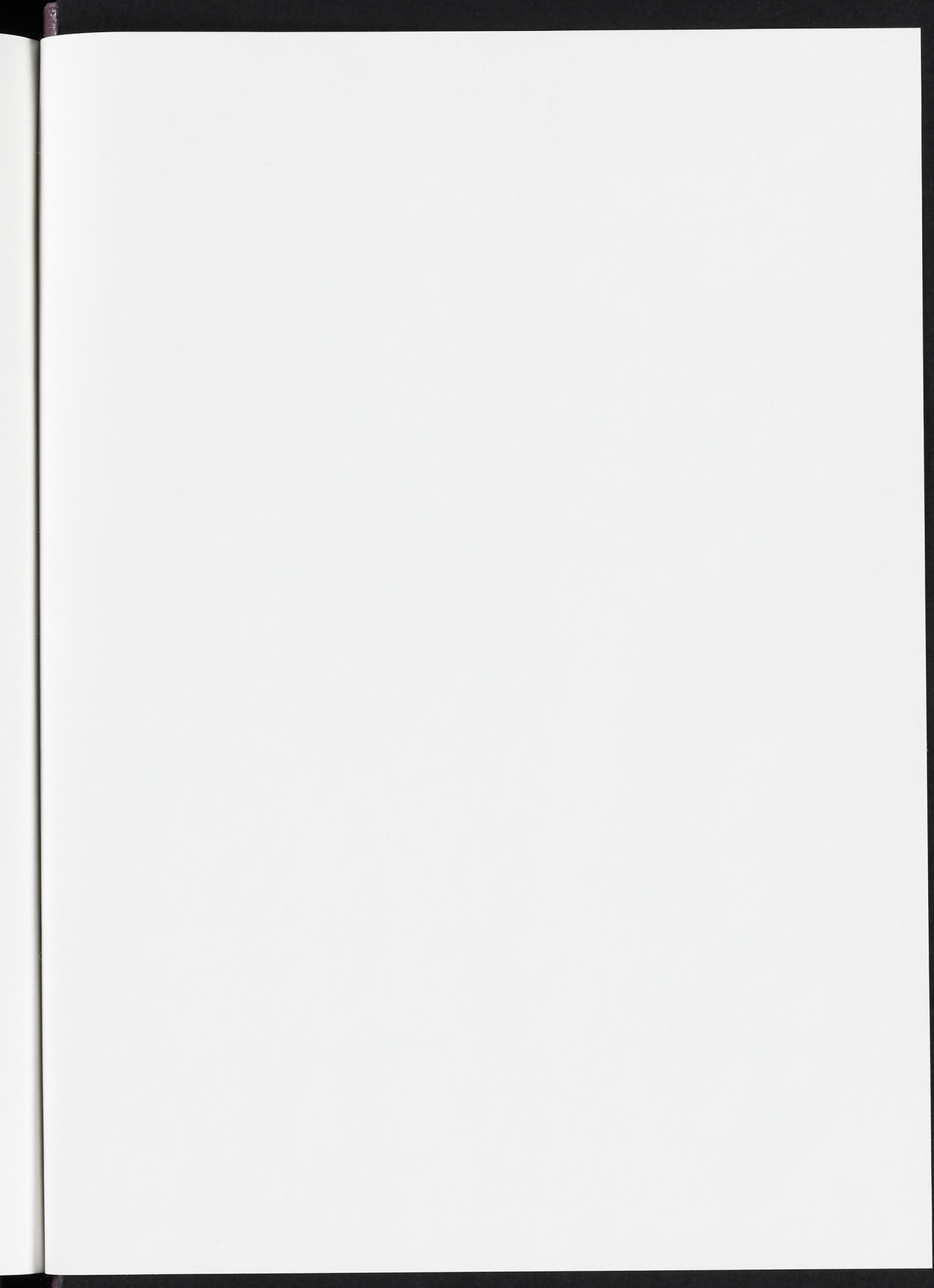


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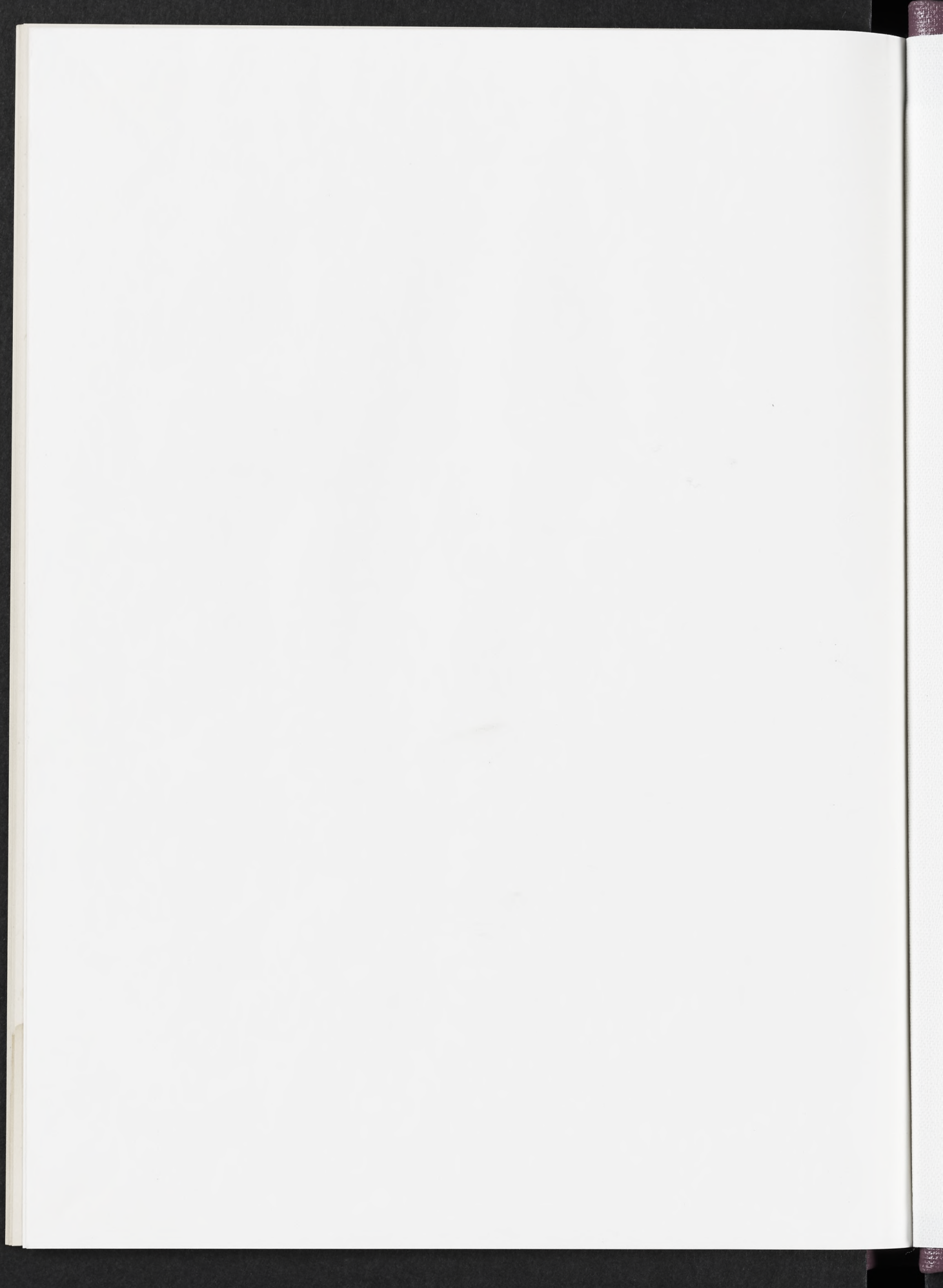




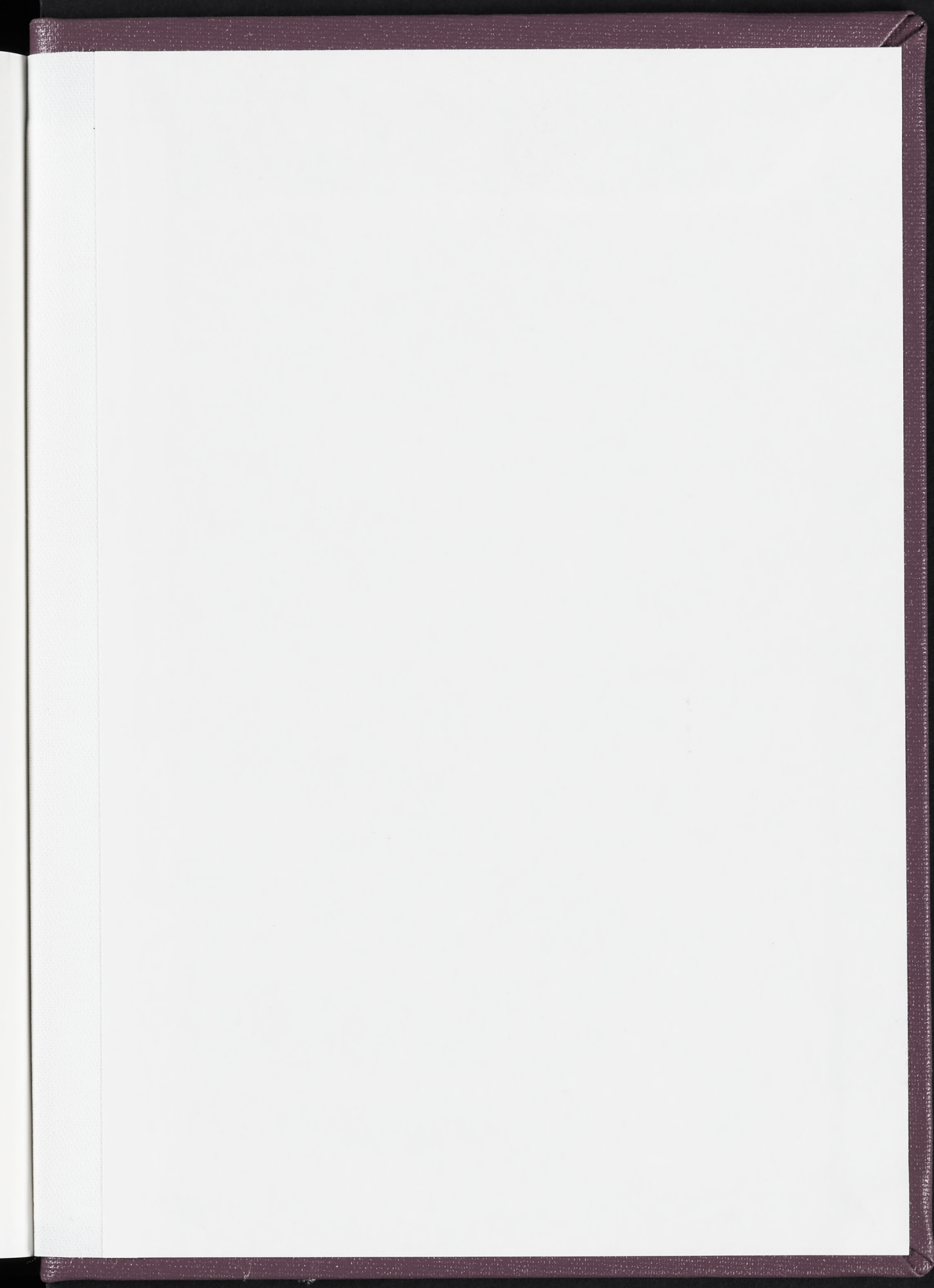














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